

JUNE

No. 1

# WHIRLWIND

## COMICS

10¢



9

ALL NEW  
ACTION  
COMICS

FEATURING THE  
"CYCLONE!"





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



OUTSIDE ON THE STREET

HELP THE  
BLIND, BUY MY  
SHOE LACES!



BUT IS HE SO BLIND?

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
WRONG IN THE  
BANK!



HE TAPS HIS WAY INTO AN ALLEY



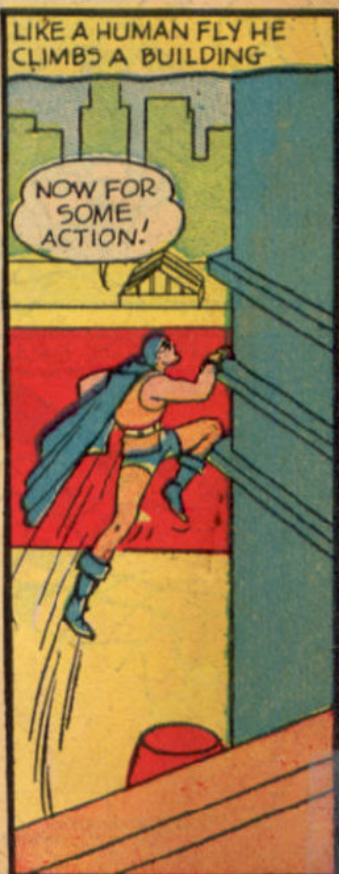
HE RIPS OFF HIS OUTER GAR-  
MENTS

ENOUGH OF  
THESE RAGS!



LIKE A HUMAN FLY HE  
CLIMBS A BUILDING

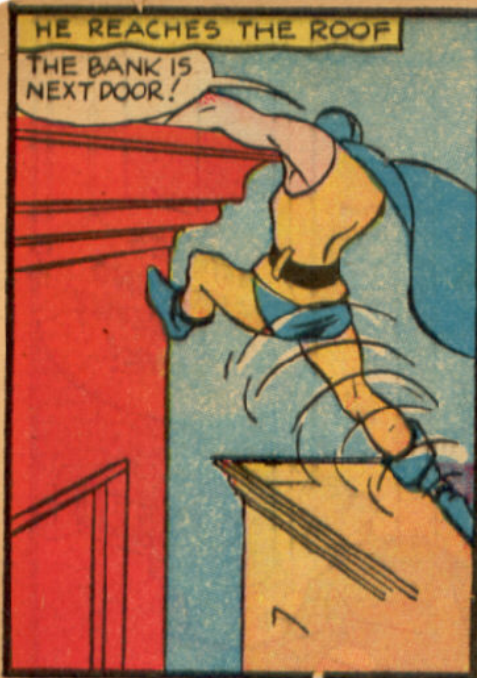
NOW FOR  
SOME  
ACTION!





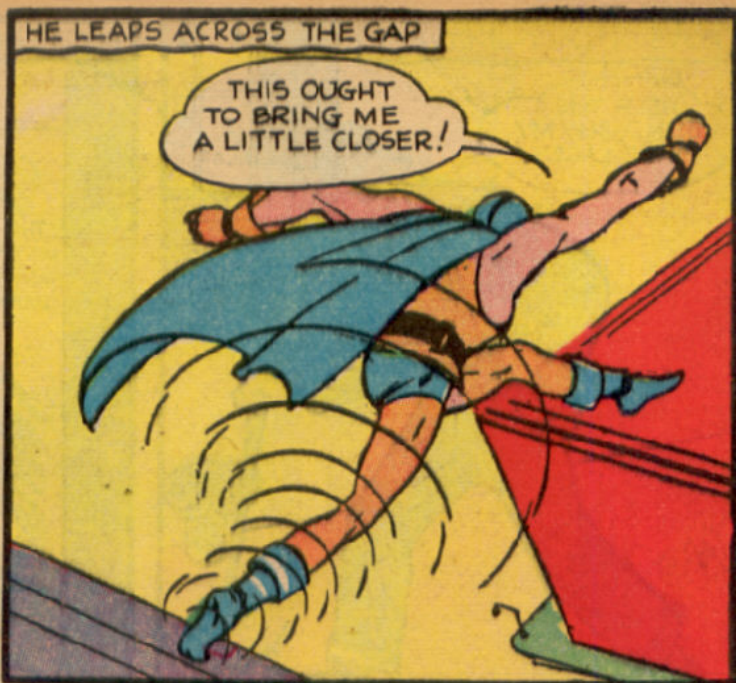
HE REACHES THE ROOF

THE BANK IS  
NEXT DOOR!



HE LEAPS ACROSS THE GAP

THIS OUGHT  
TO BRING ME  
A LITTLE CLOSER!

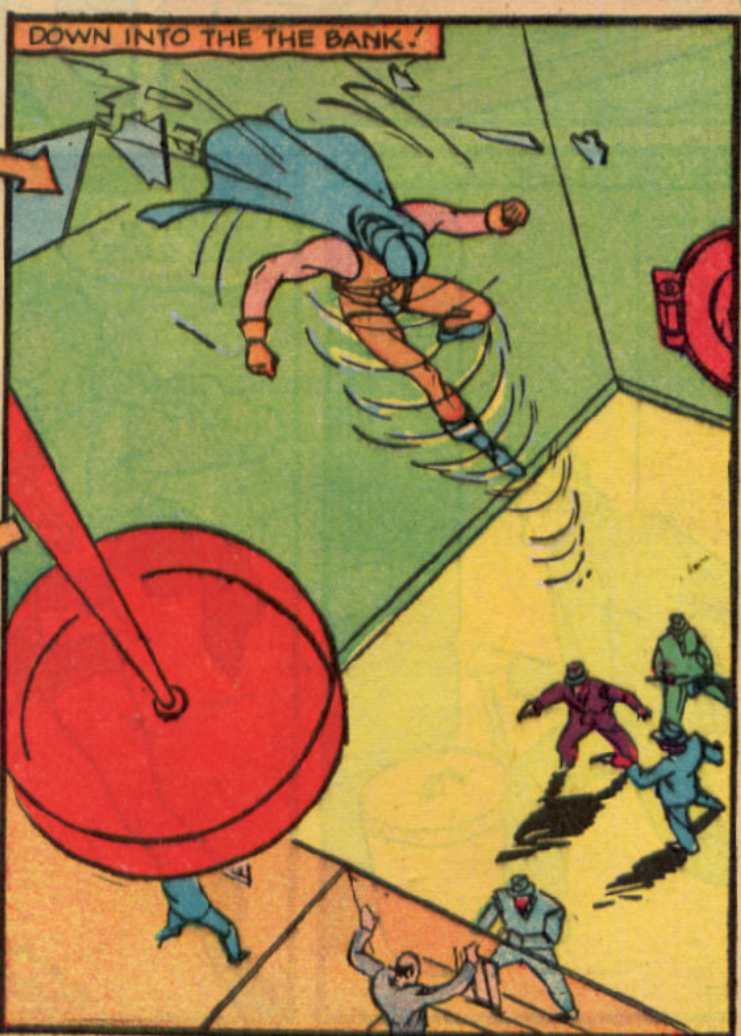


THEN CRASHES THROUGH A SKYLIGHT

CRASH



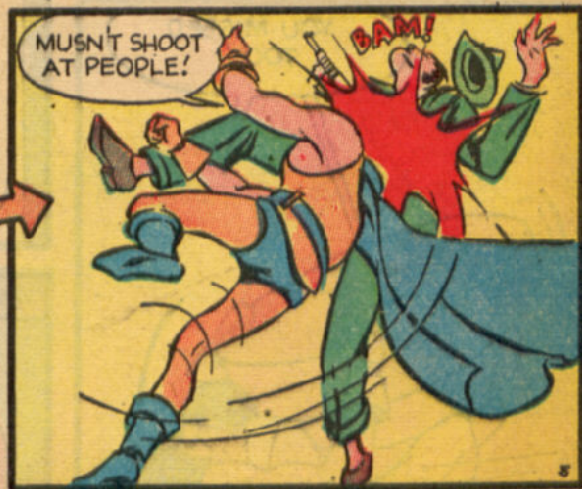
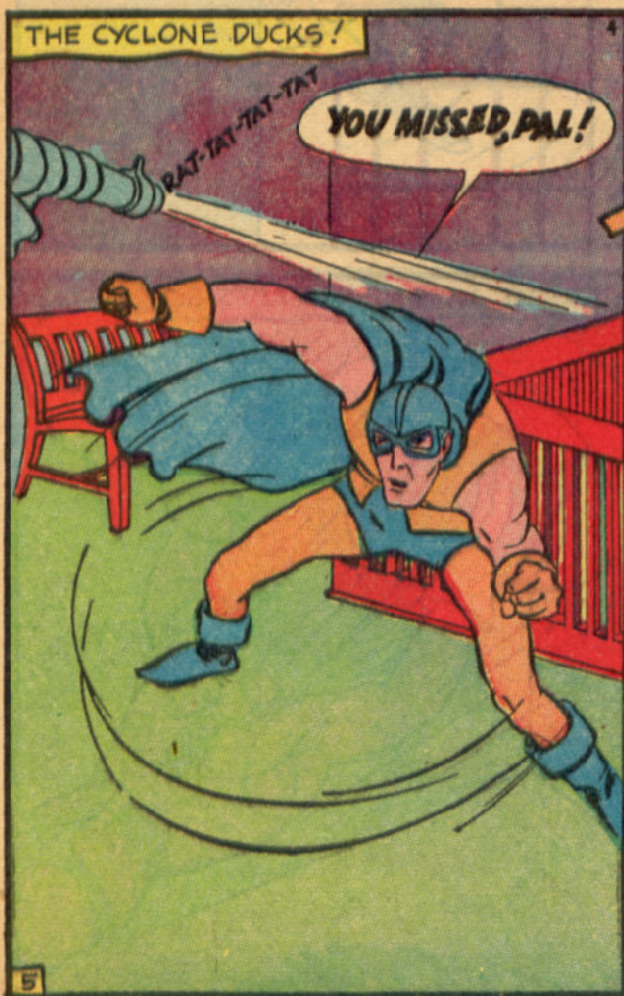
DOWN INTO THE THE BANK!



HE LANDS WITH THE GRACE OF  
A BIRD.





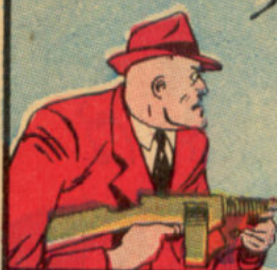




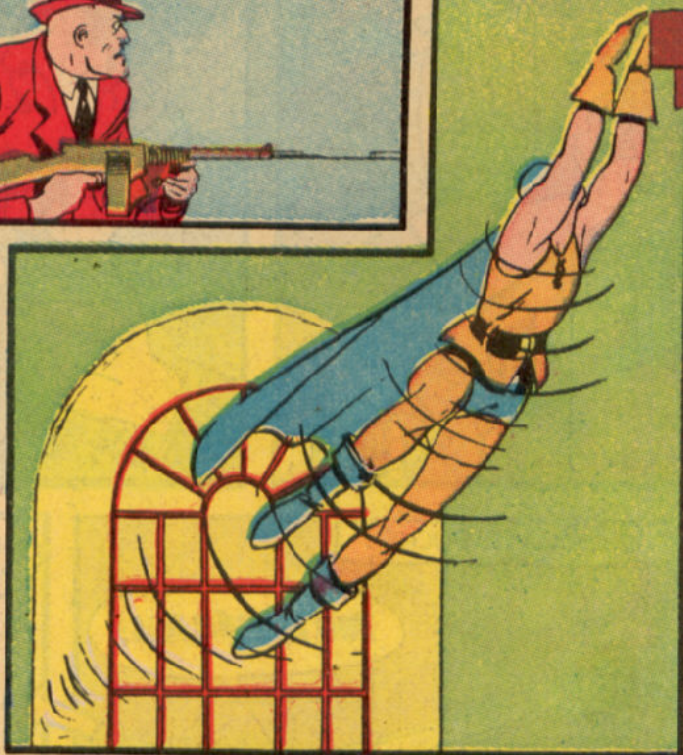


ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BANK

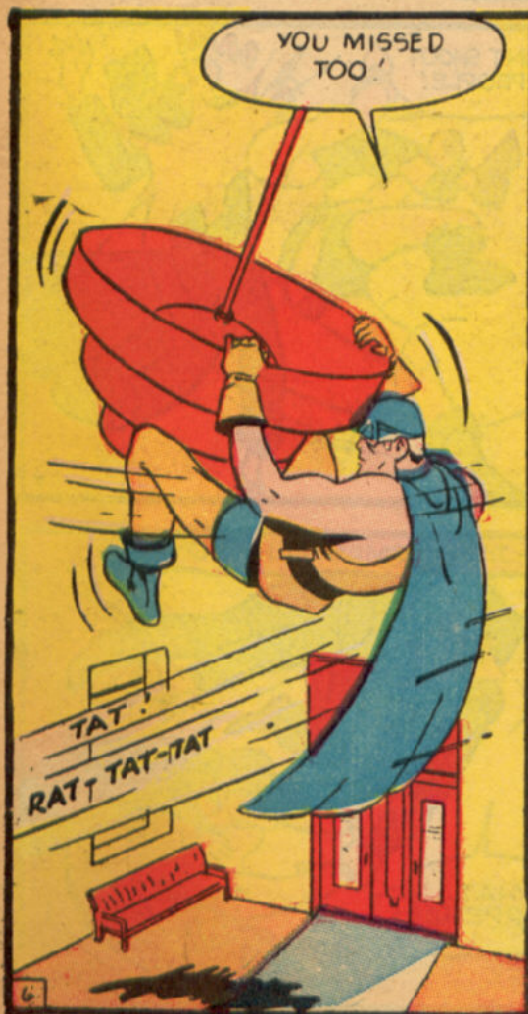
I'LL GET HIM FROM OVER HERE!



THE CYCLONE SPRINGS FOR THE CHANDELIER!



YOU MISSED TOO!

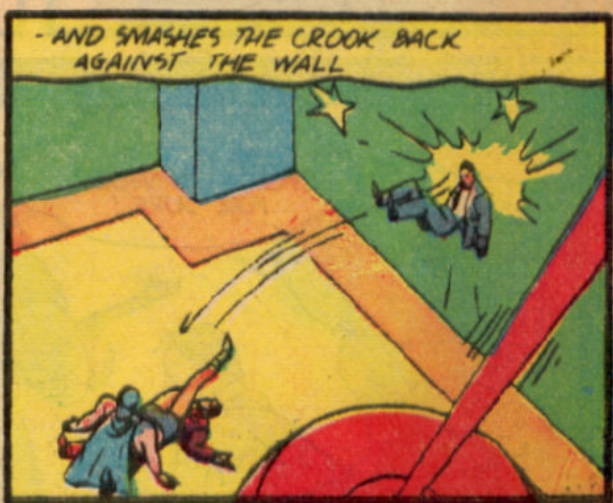


THE CYCLONE SWINGS AND LETS GO!

I'M COMING, READY OR NOT!

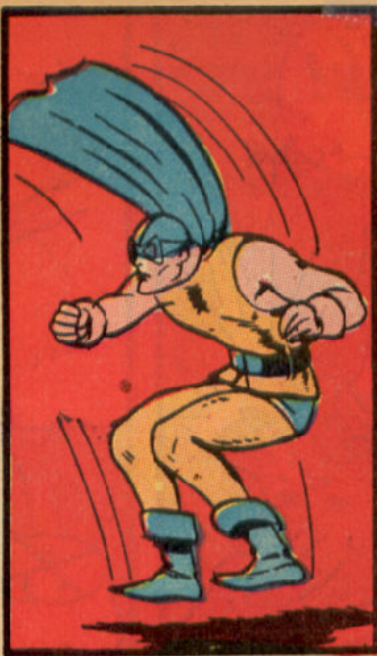
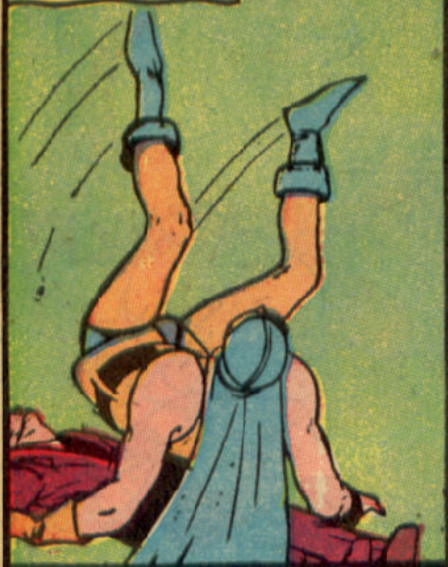








THE CYCLONE SUMERSAULTS  
TO HIS FEET!



WELL!  
WHO'S NEXT?

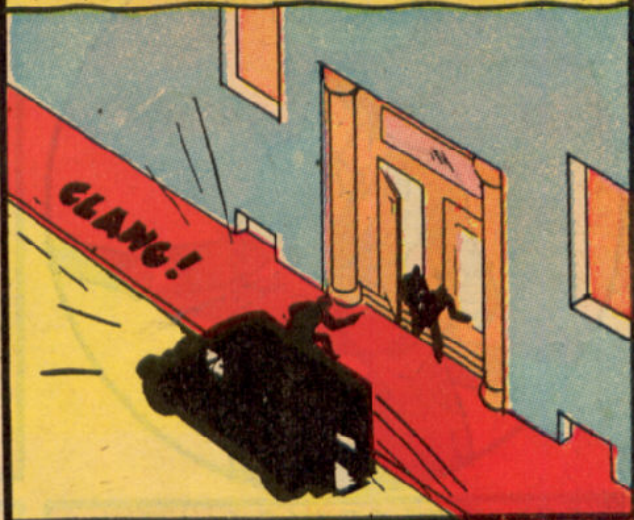


WE'D BETTER  
SCRAM QUICK!

HE'S  
TOO GOOD!



AT THAT MOMENT THE POLICE ARRIVE...



... AND ROUND UP THE FLEEING CROOKS

THIS IS THE  
CYCLONE'S WORK  
FOR SURE!

I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THAT  
CYCLONE!

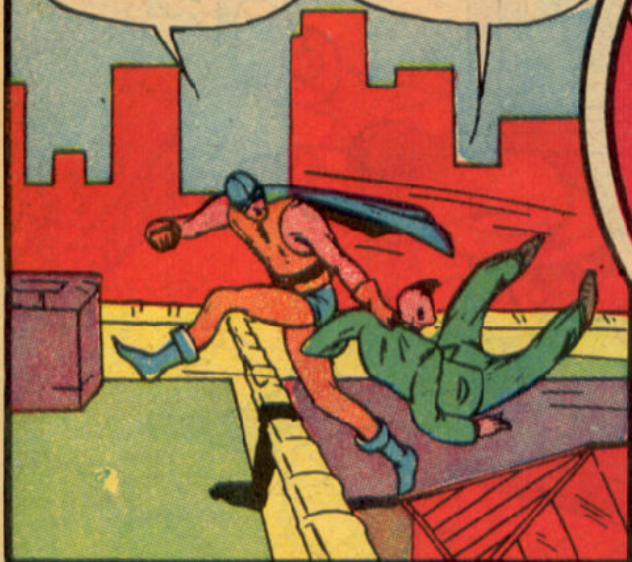




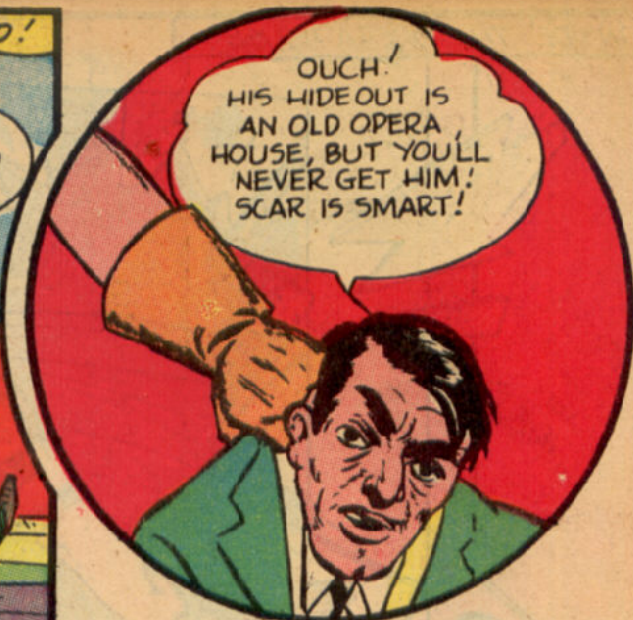
BUT THE CYCLONE IS AWAY LIKE THE WIND!

I SAVED  
YOU FROM THE  
COPS! NOW WHO'S  
THE HEAD OF THE  
GANG?

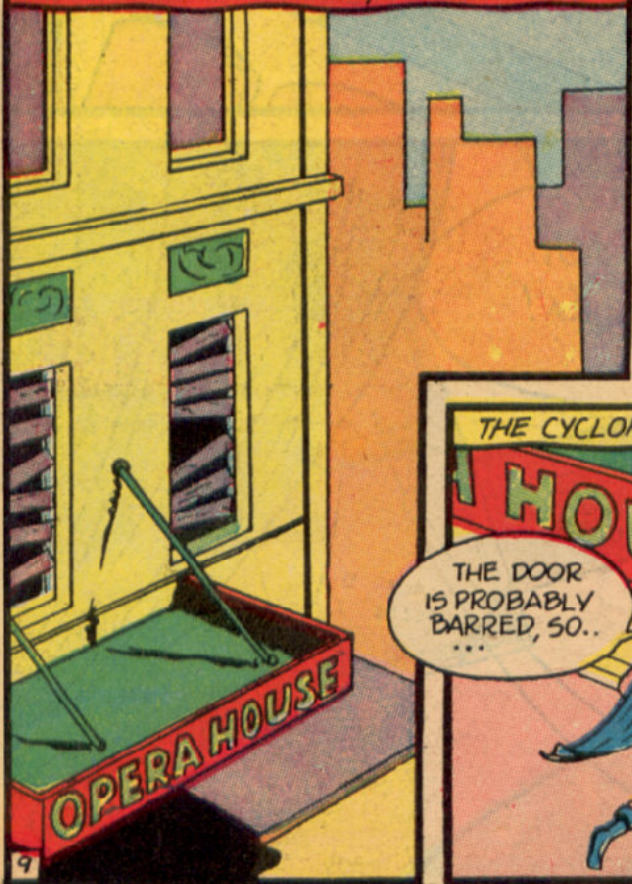
IT'S  
SCAR  
GALLENTI!



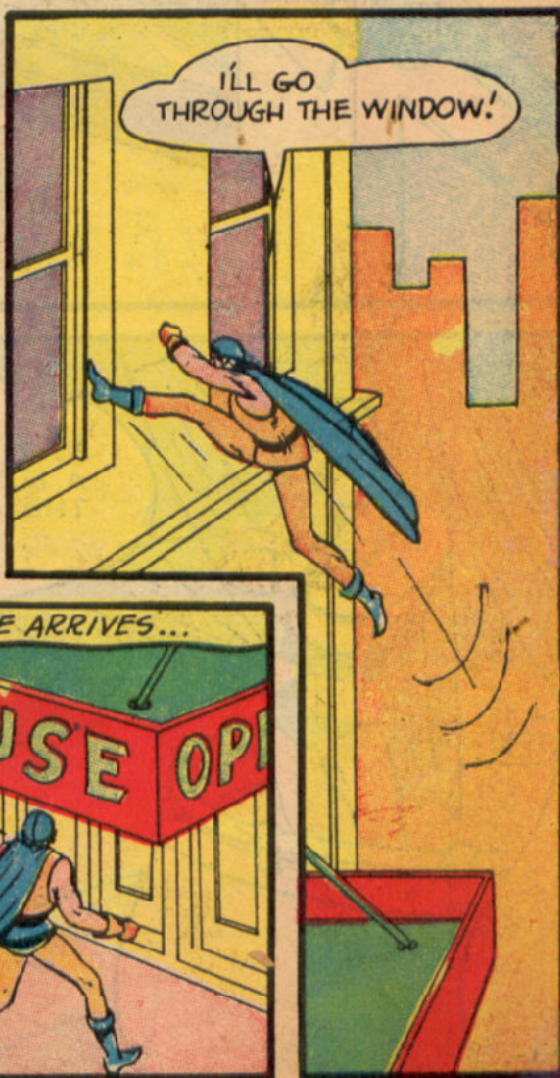
OUCH!  
HIS HIDE OUT IS  
AN OLD OPERA  
HOUSE, BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER GET HIM!  
SCAR IS SMART!



THE OLD OPERA HOUSE, LONG ABANDONED

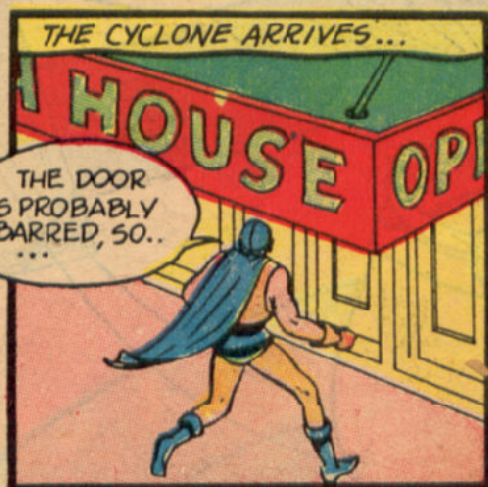


I'LL GO  
THROUGH THE WINDOW!

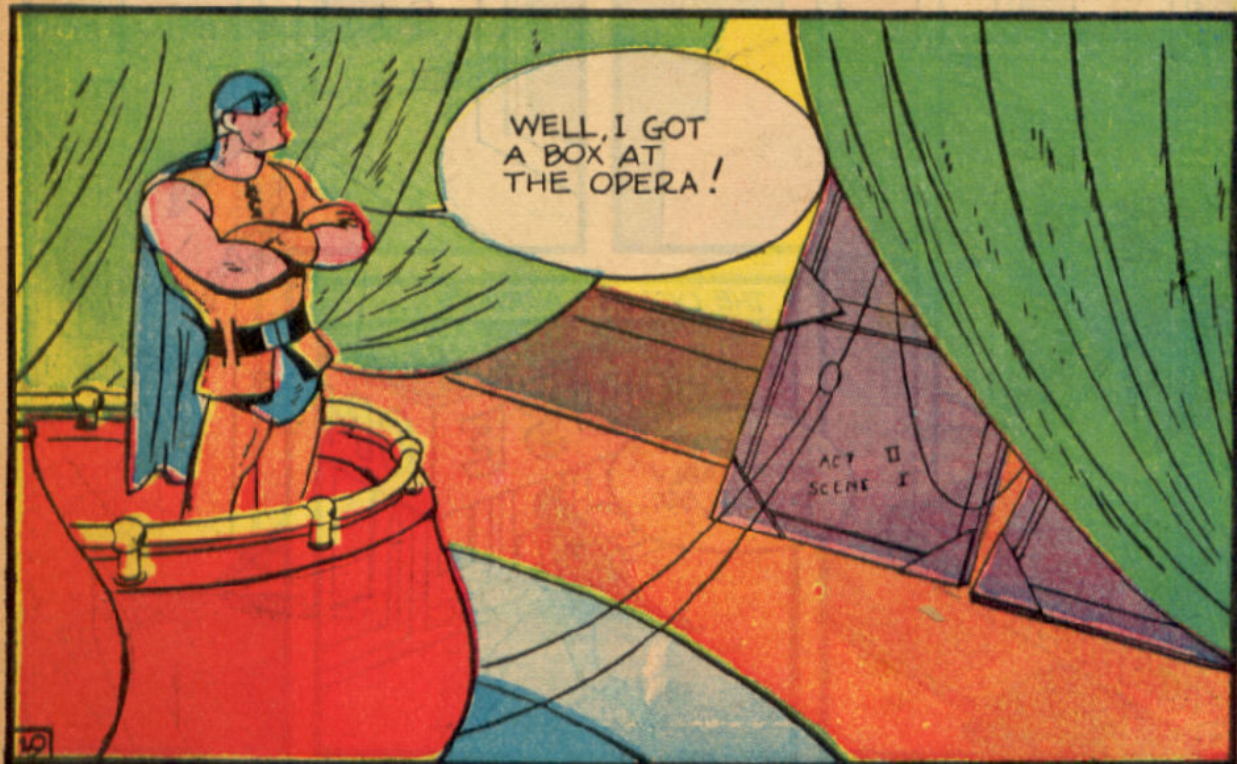
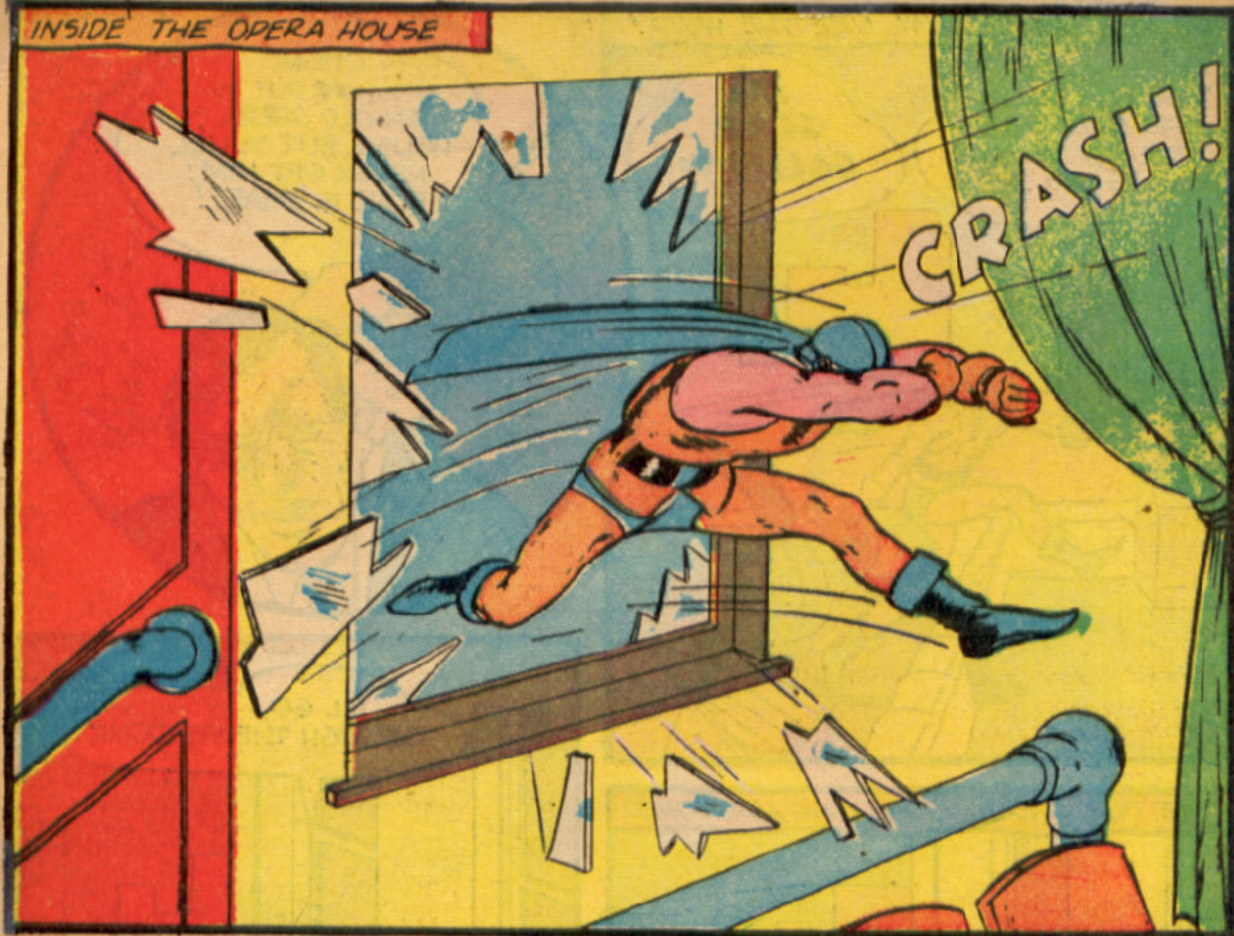


THE CYCLONE ARRIVES...

THE DOOR  
IS PROBABLY  
BARRED, SO..  
...





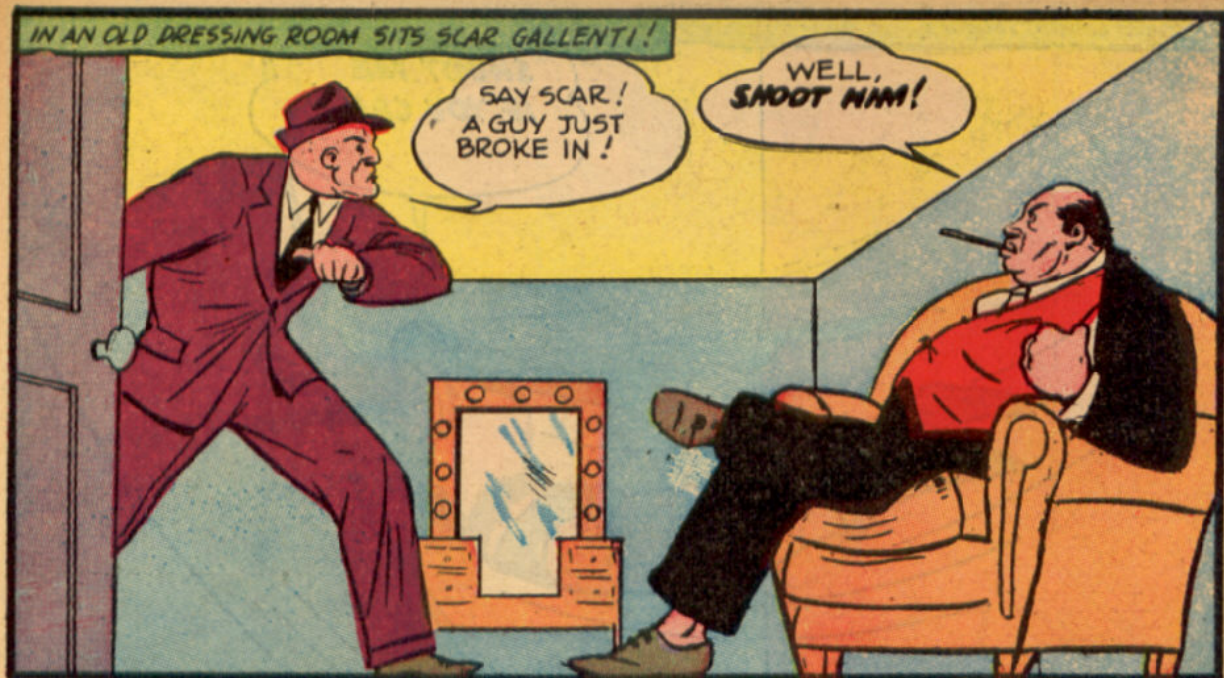




IN AN OLD DRESSING ROOM SITS SCAR GALLENTI!

SAY SCAR!  
A GUY JUST  
BROKE IN!

WELL,  
**SHOOT HIM!**



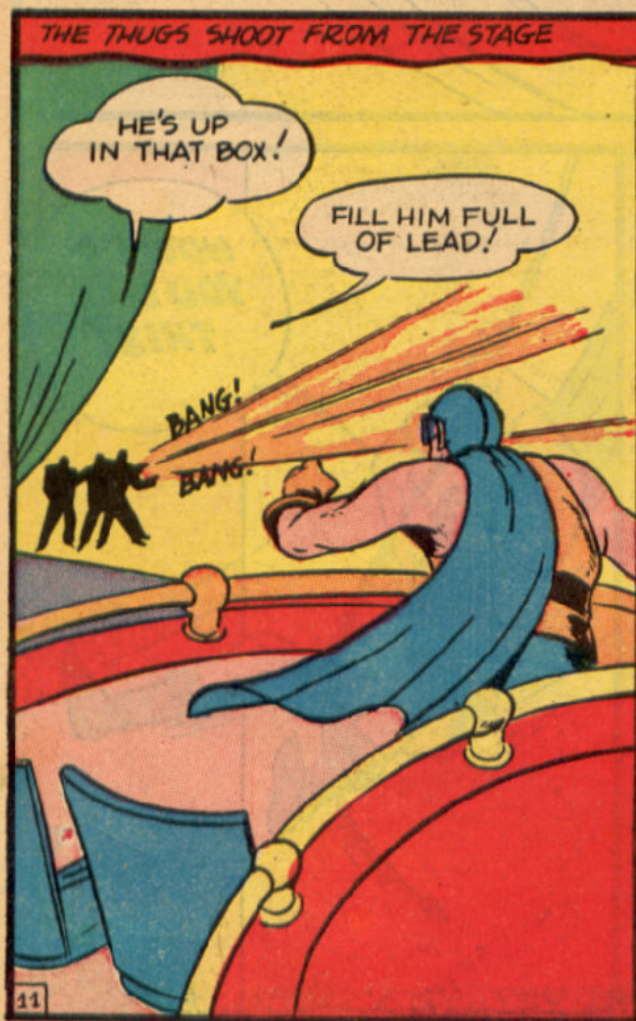
THE THUGS SHOOT FROM THE STAGE

HE'S UP  
IN THAT BOX!

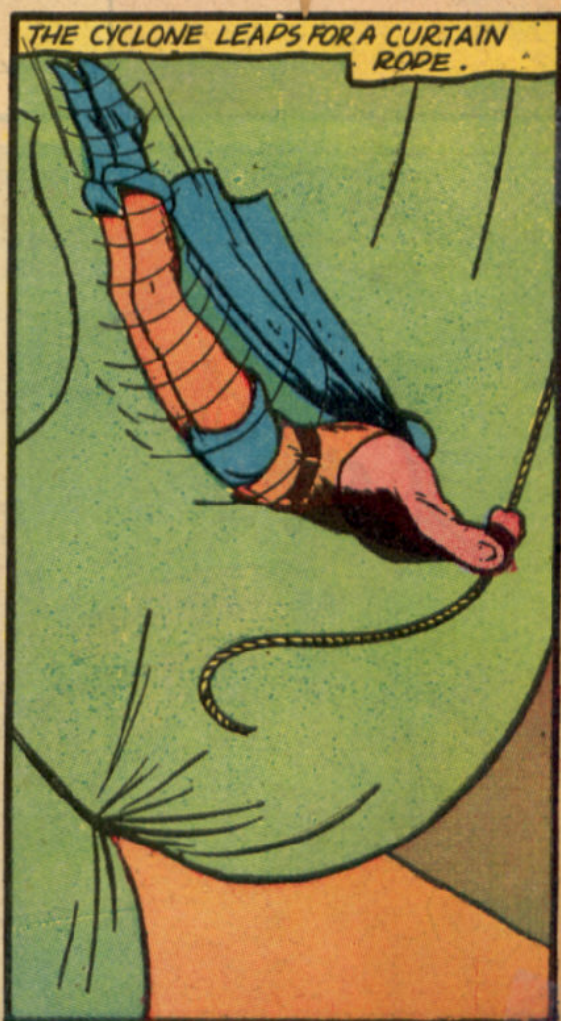
FILL HIM FULL  
OF LEAD!

BANG!

BANG!



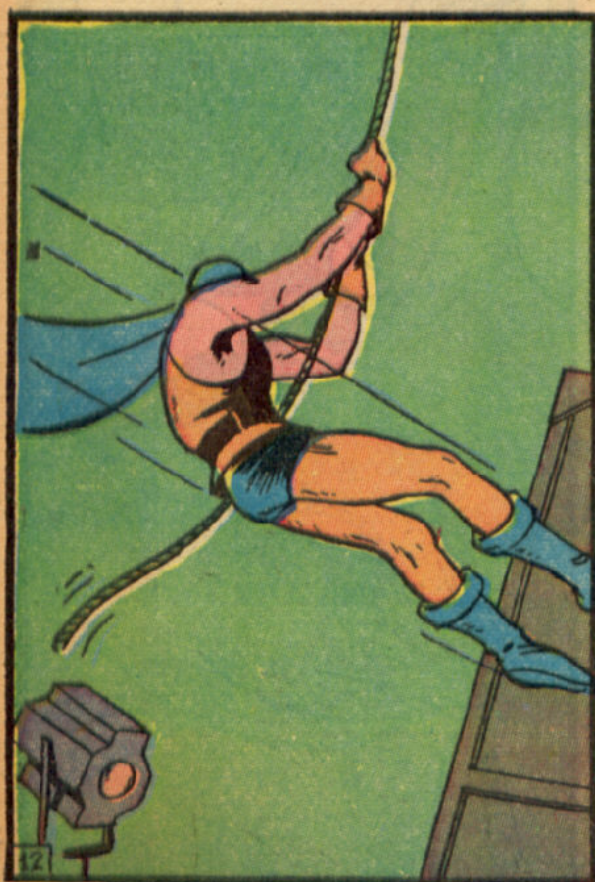
THE CYCLONE LEAPS FOR A CURTAIN  
ROPE.



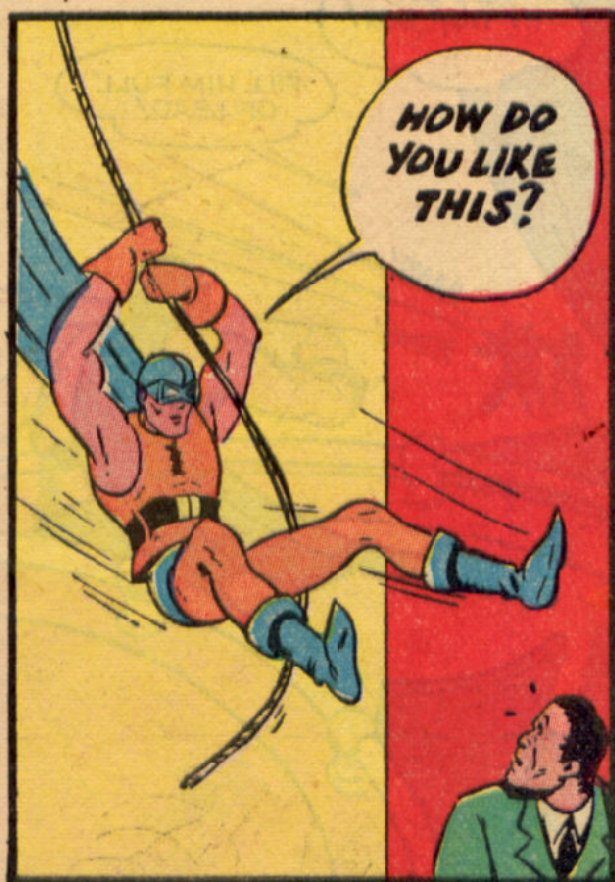


HE CATCHES THE ROPE AND SWINGS

SHOOT ME  
IF YOU CAN!



HOW DO  
YOU LIKE  
THIS?





RIGHT INTO THE GANGSTERS HE SWINGS

**BANG!**

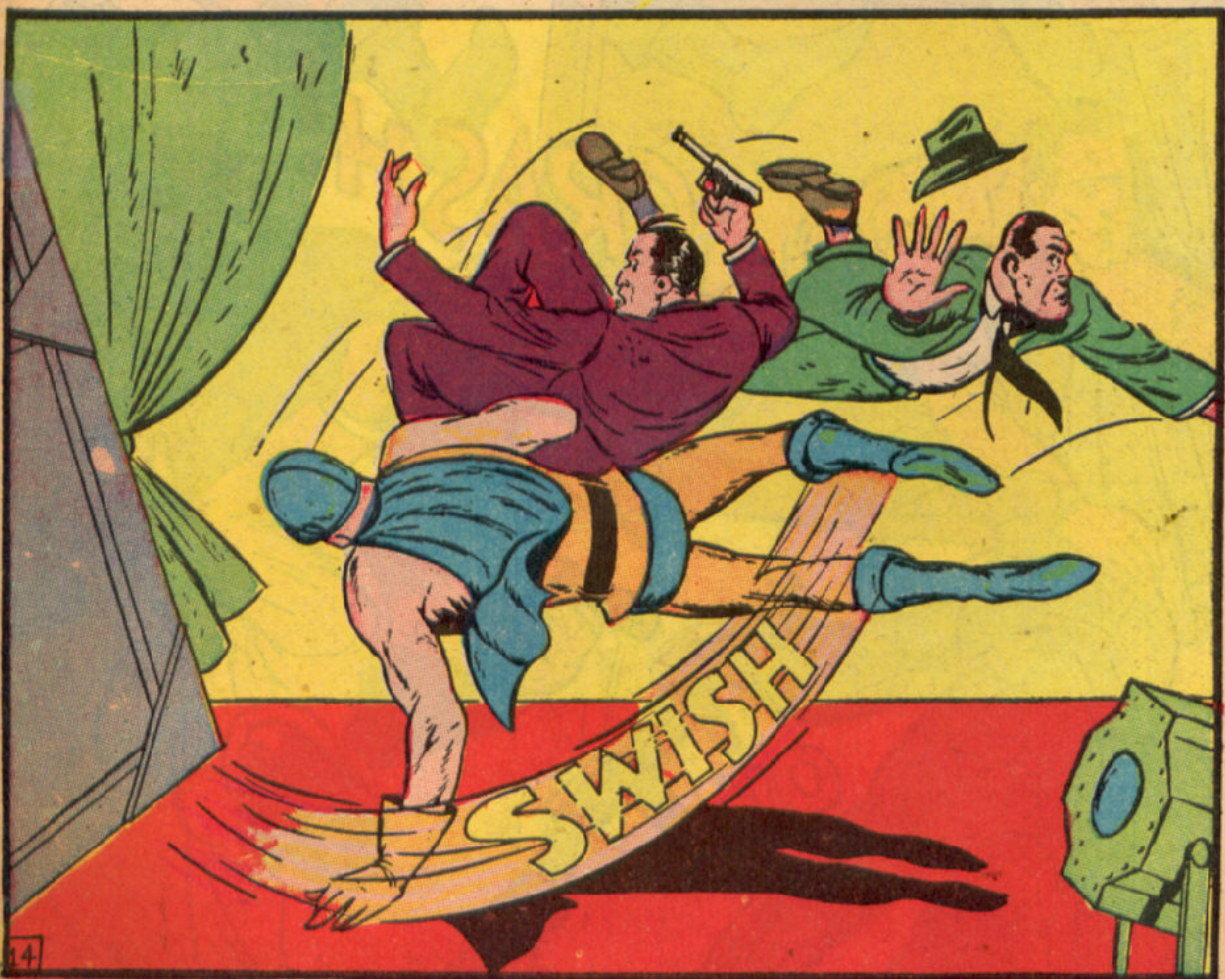
OUCH!

**CRASH!**

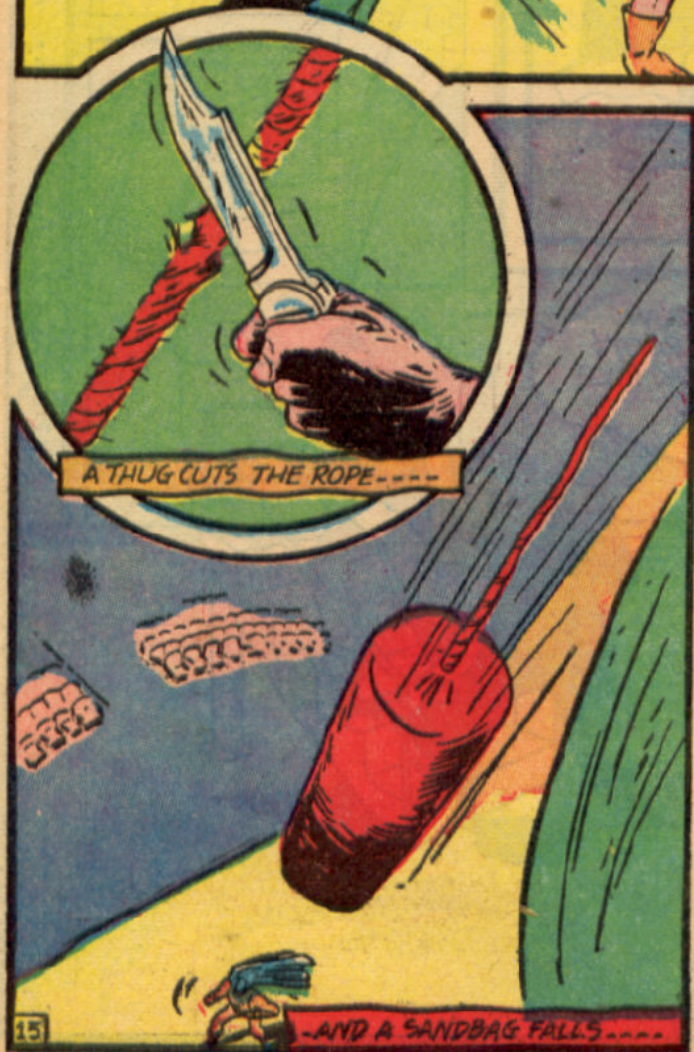
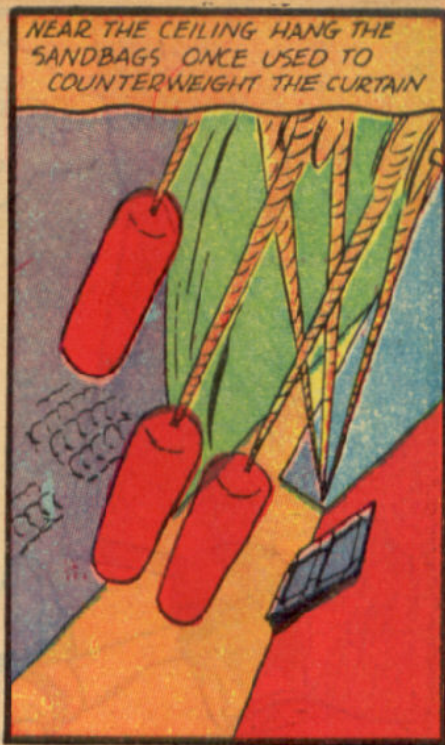
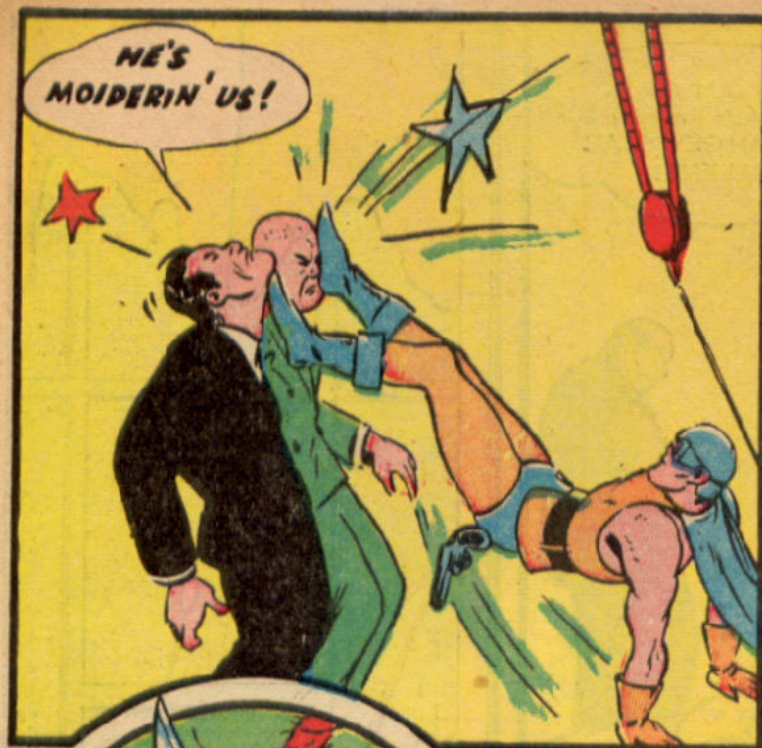
**OW!**













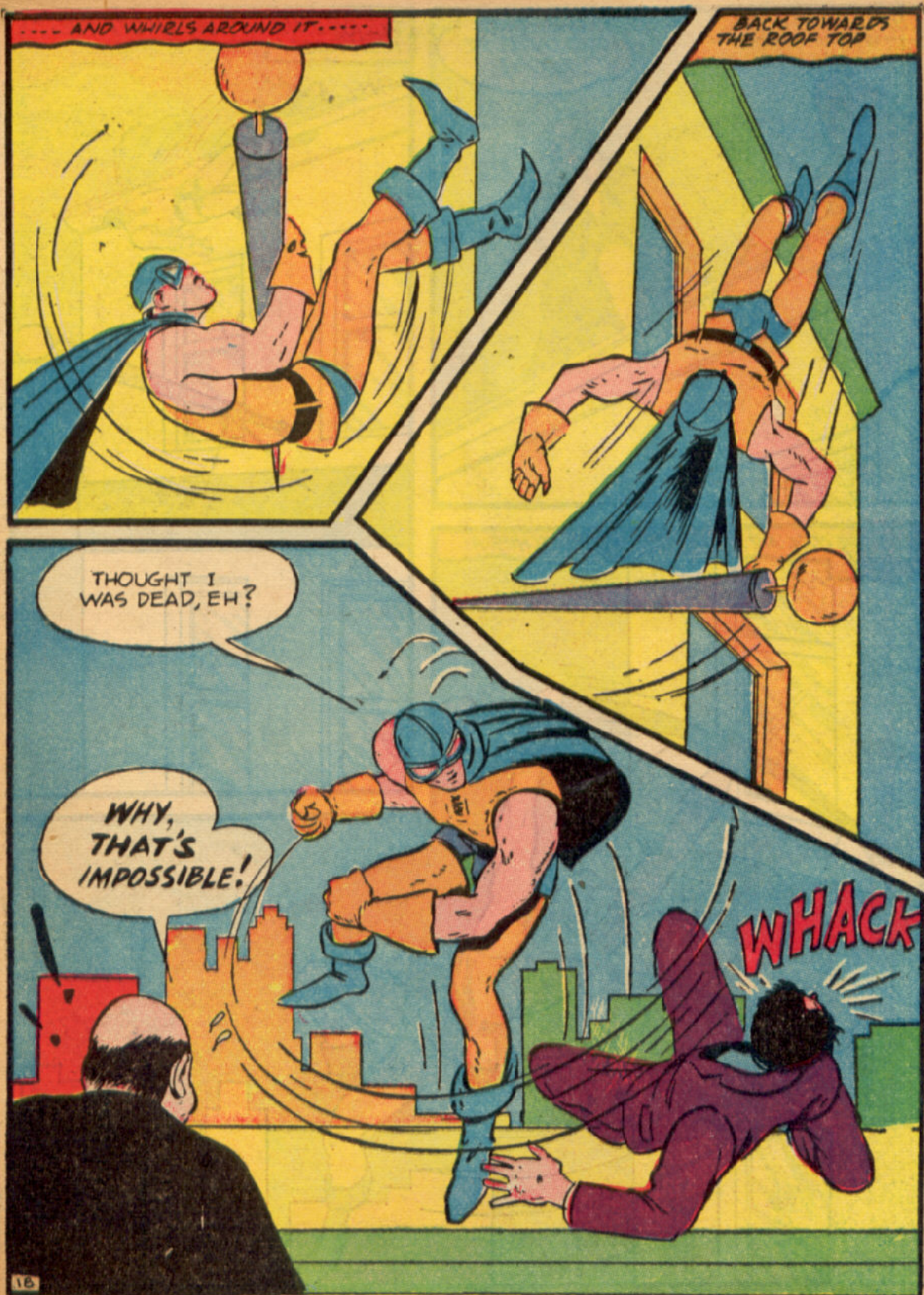
HE'S OUT COLD!  
THERE AIN'T A GUY BORN  
THAT CAN GET SCAR  
GALLENTI!



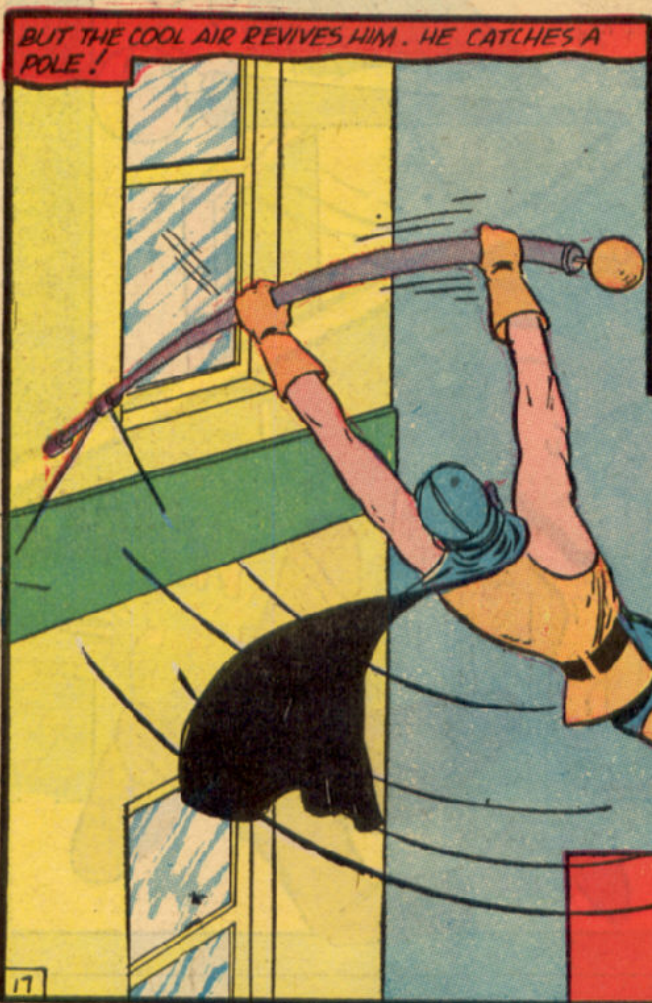
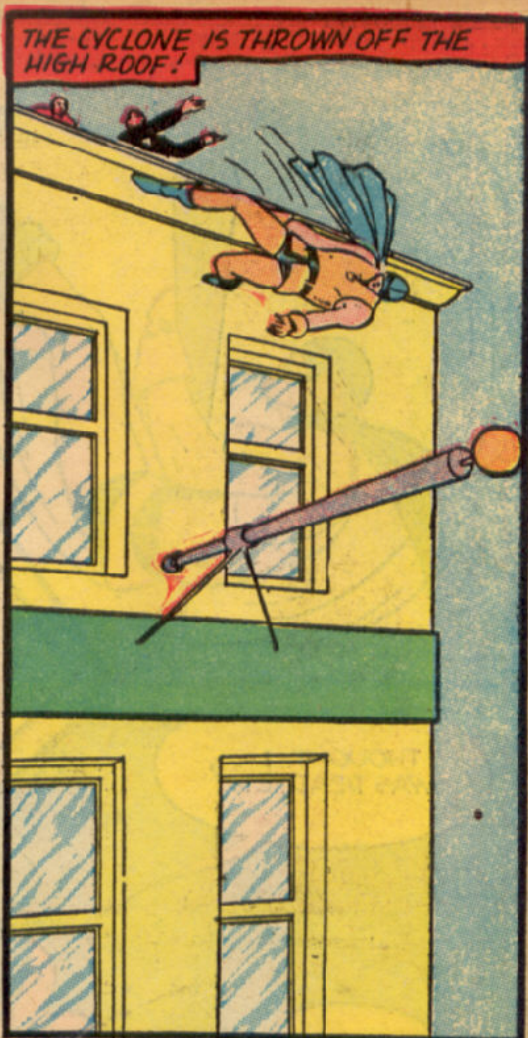
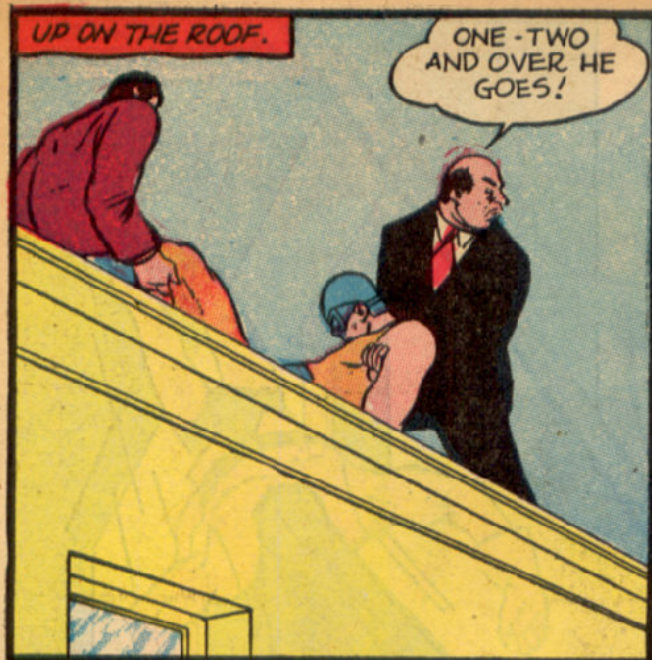
WE'LL THROW  
HIM OFF DE ROOF!  
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE  
SUICIDE!







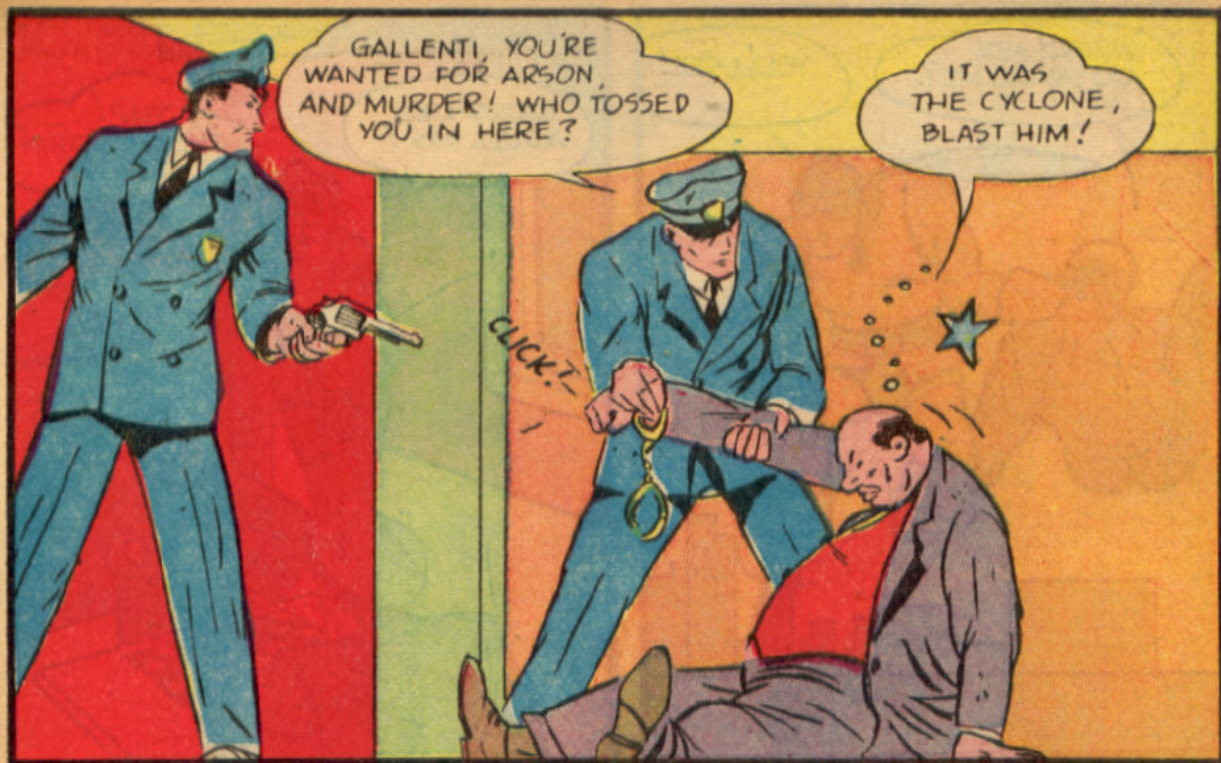












FOLLOW THE  
ADVENTURES OF  
THE CYCLONE IN  
EACH ISSUE OF  
**WHIRLWIND  
COMICS!**



# WINGS BORDON

DASHING, DEVIL MAY-CARE ACE OF THE AIRWAYS IS WINGS' BORDON. A FORMER ARMY CAPTAIN, BARN-STORMER, STUNT AND TEST PILOT. HE HAS BEEN ENGAGED TO FLY THE SUPER-LIGHTNING EIGHT IN THE CLEVELAND AIR RACES. SINCE THE WINNER WILL BE AWARDED A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT THERE ARE FORCES THAT STRIVE TO DESTROY WINGS' PLANE BUT WITH CHARACTERISTIC COURAGE, HE IGNORES ALL WARNINGS.



EVEN IF YOU ARE FLYING MY PLANE, **THE SUPER-LIGHTNING EIGHT**, YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL, WINGS! UNSCRUPULOUS COMPETITORS WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT!!



WE NEED THE \$10,000 PRIZE MONEY FOR AN OPERATION TO SAVE MY FATHER'S EYESIGHT. WE MUST WIN!

I'LL DO MY BEST!



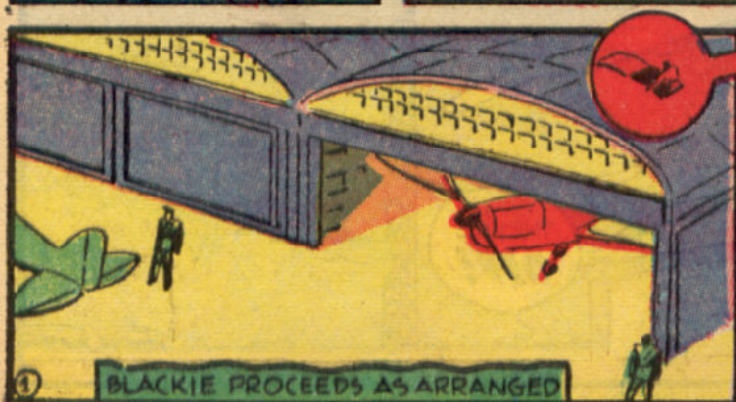
JOAN, THE DAUGHTER OF THE OWNER OF THE SUPER-LIGHTNING EIGHT.

THE CHIEF SAYS "WINGS" MUST BE STOPPED! YOU'VE GOT TO WRECK THE PLANE - DON'T FAIL, BLACKIE!

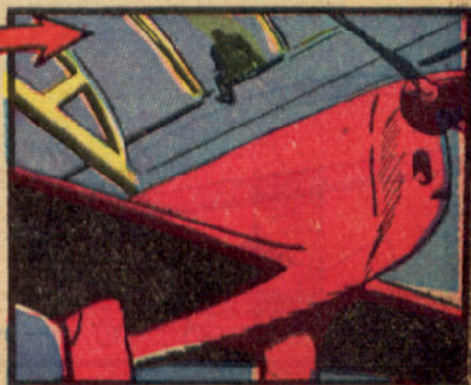
YOU LEAVE IT TO ME!



COMPETITION PLOTS AGAINST "WINGS"

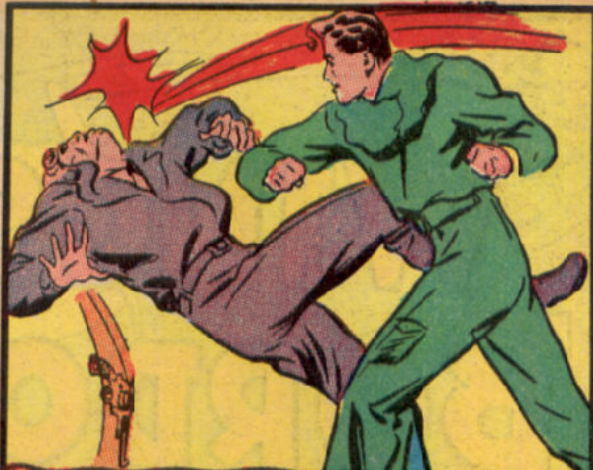
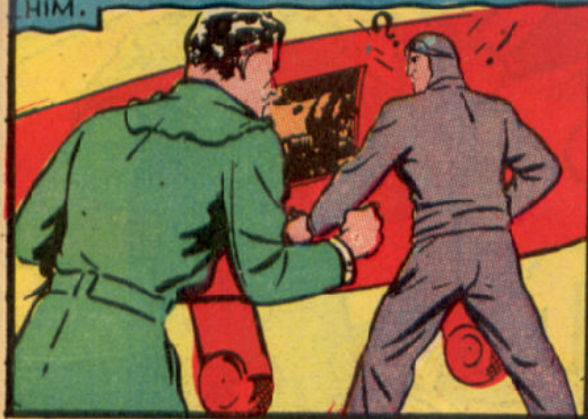


BLACKIE PROCEEDS AS ARRANGED





WINGS, WHO HAS SLEPT NEAR THE PLANE, IS AROUSED BY THE UNEXPECTED INTRUDER. HE STEALTHILY APPROACHES THE INTRUDER AND SURPRISES HIM.

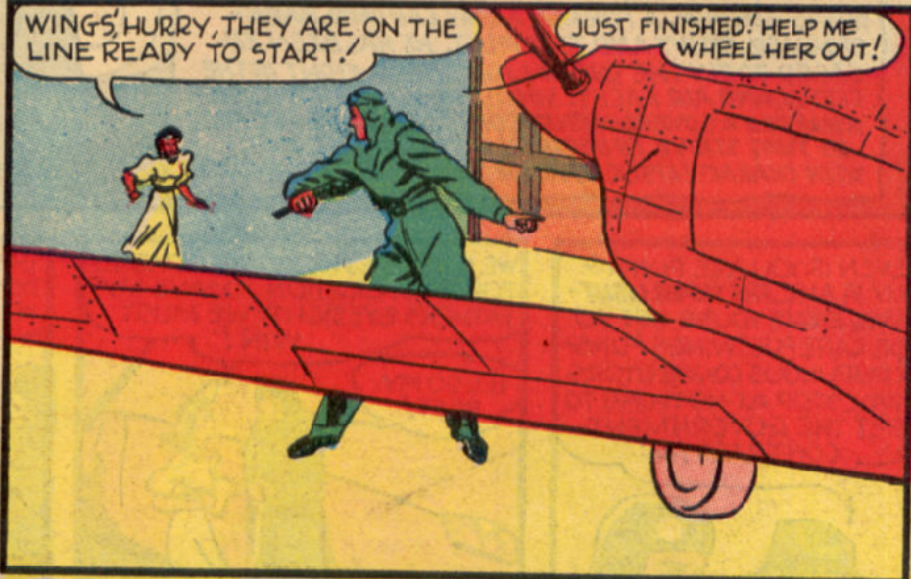


BLACKIE PULLS A GUN BUT WINGS' COUNTERS WITH A RIGHT

NOW, I'VE GOT ONLY A FEW HOURS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOU DID BUT, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AFTER THE RACE!



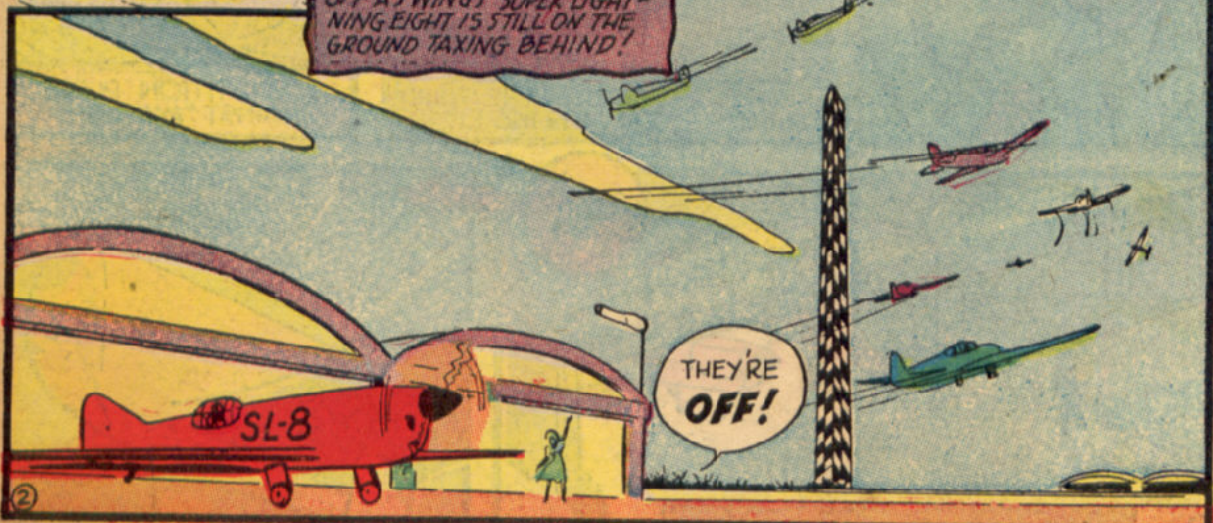
WINGS! HURRY, THEY ARE ON THE LINE READY TO START!



JUST FINISHED! HELP ME WHEEL HER OUT!

WINGS IS TYING BLACKIE UP...

THE PLANES ARE JUST TAKING OFF AS WINGS' SUPER LIGHTNING EIGHT IS STILL ON THE GROUND TAXING BEHIND!



THEY'RE OFF!



FROM HIS RADIO INSTALLED AUTOMOBILE  
L-17 SEES WINGS' PLANE TAKING OFF.

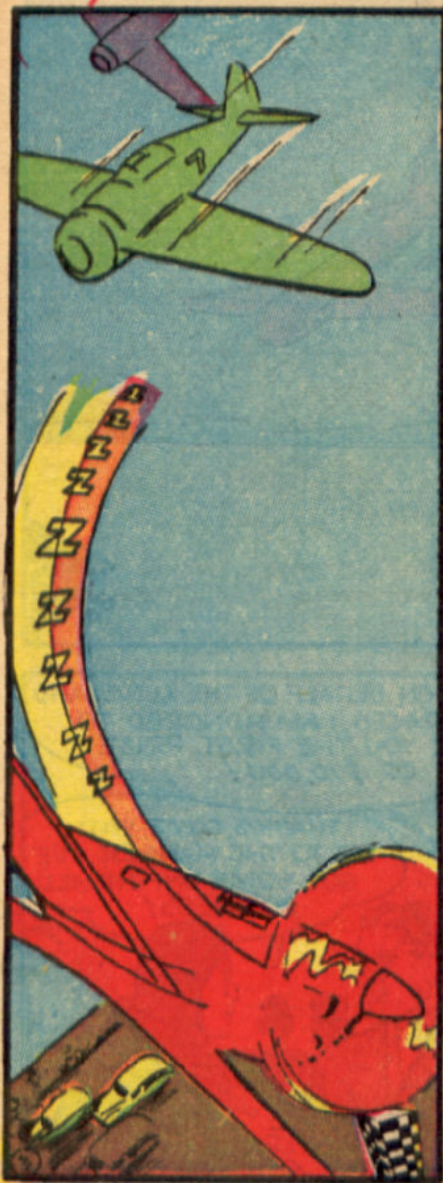
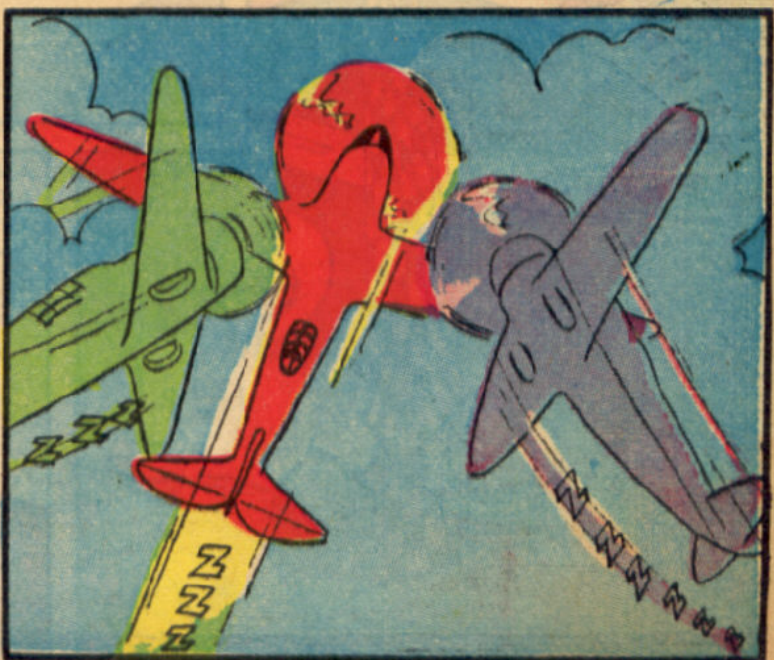
HE MUST BE STOPPED. I'LL USE THE  
SHORT-WAVE SET!



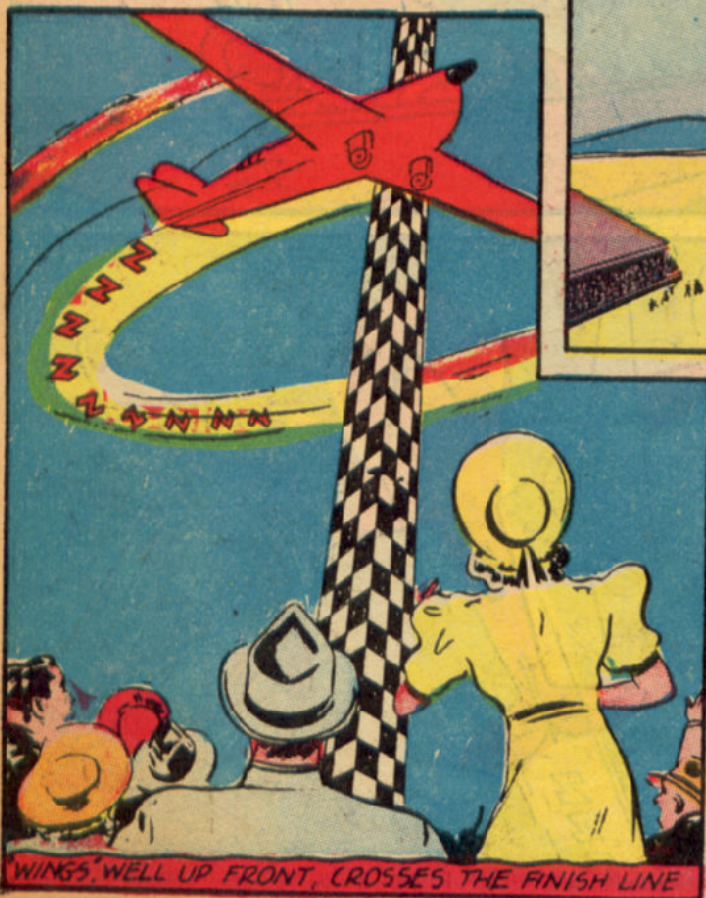
THIS IS L-17 CALLING! PLANES 7 AND 9 CLOSE  
IN ON WINGS BORDON. POCKET HIM. HE MUST  
NOT WIN! **THE CHIEF COMMANDS!**



SOMETHING TELLS ME  
THOSE GUYS ARE TRYING  
TO GET ME!







AND ON BEHALF OF THE CLEVELAND AIR RACES, I AM HONORED TO GIVE YOU THE FIRST PRIZE OF \$10,000!

THANKS, COME WITH ME TO THE HANGER I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!







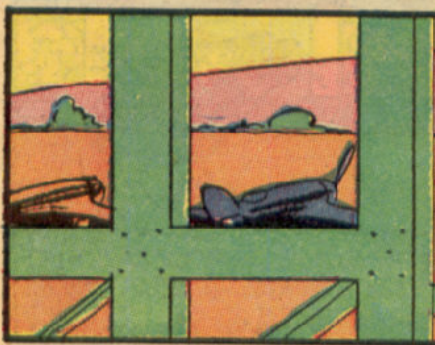
THIS IS BLACKIE PARKS, HE'S A NOTORIOUS FUGITIVE! THERE'S A \$1000 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE!

OKAY, COPPERS, I GUESS YOU'VE GOT ME!

GIVE IT TO MR. BURKE'S CONVALESCENT FUND AFTER HIS OPERATION!



YOUR SUPER-LIGHTNING EIGHT IS THE FASTEST PLANE IN THE COUNTRY TODAY! WE WANT YOU TO MANUFACTURE THEM EXCLUSIVELY FOR US!



THE OFFICE OF THE CROOKED COMPETITOR.

WE FAILED NOW, BUT NEXT TIME WE'LL GET "WINGS" BORDON!



SEE "WINGS" BORDON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE WHIRLWIND COMICS



# INSPECTOR BLAKE

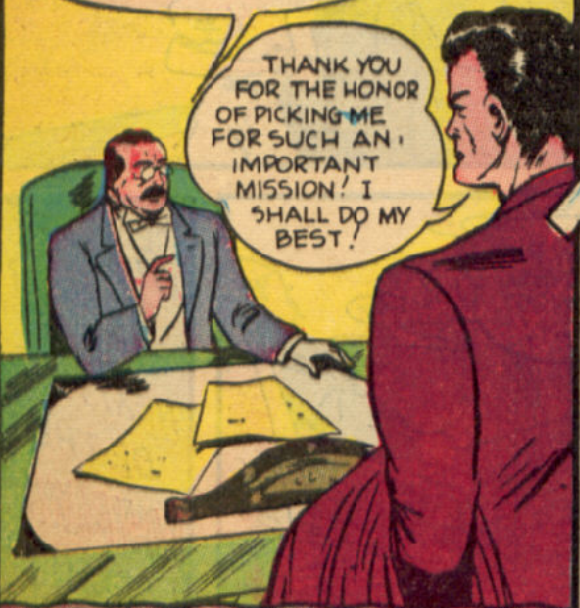
**SUPER-SLEUTH OF SCOTLAND YARD**

SPECIAL INSPECTOR BLAKE OF SCOTLAND YARD IS CALLED ON URGENT BUSINESS TO THE OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER AT 10 DOWNING STREET. HE IS USHERED INTO THE OFFICE IMMEDIATELY.

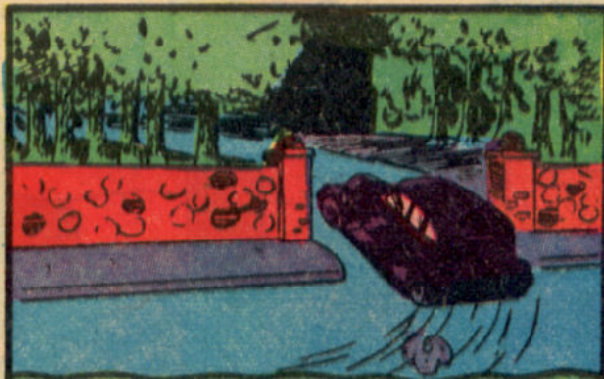


I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE OF YOUR PAST RECORD. SOMEONE HAS THREATENED TO KILL SIR NEVILLE TOWSE, ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS EXPLORER! HIS DEATH WOULD BE A GREAT LOSS. YOU MUST GUARD HIS LIFE!

THANK YOU FOR THE HONOR OF PICKING ME FOR SUCH AN IMPORTANT MISSION! I SHALL DO MY BEST!



AT THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE, LONDON!



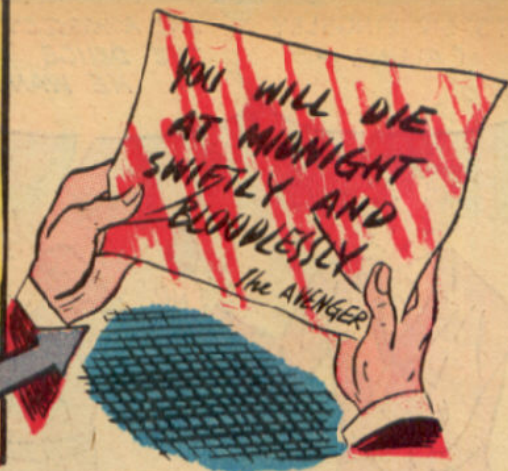
INSPECTOR BLAKE APPROACHES SIR NEVILLE'S BARONIAL ESTATE IN KENSINGSHIRE.

I AM BLAKE OF SCOTLAND YARD!

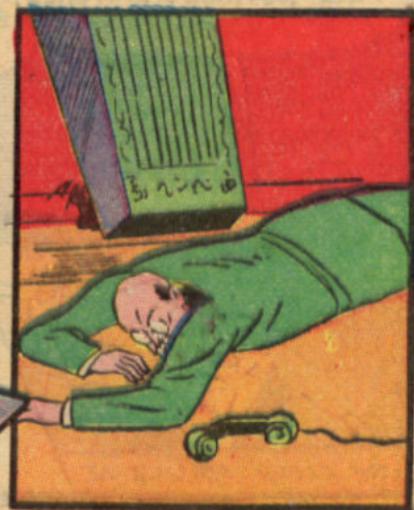
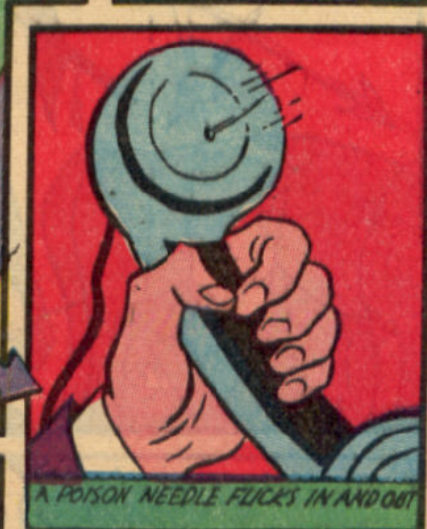
SIR NEVILLE IS AWAITING YOU IN THE LIBRARY!







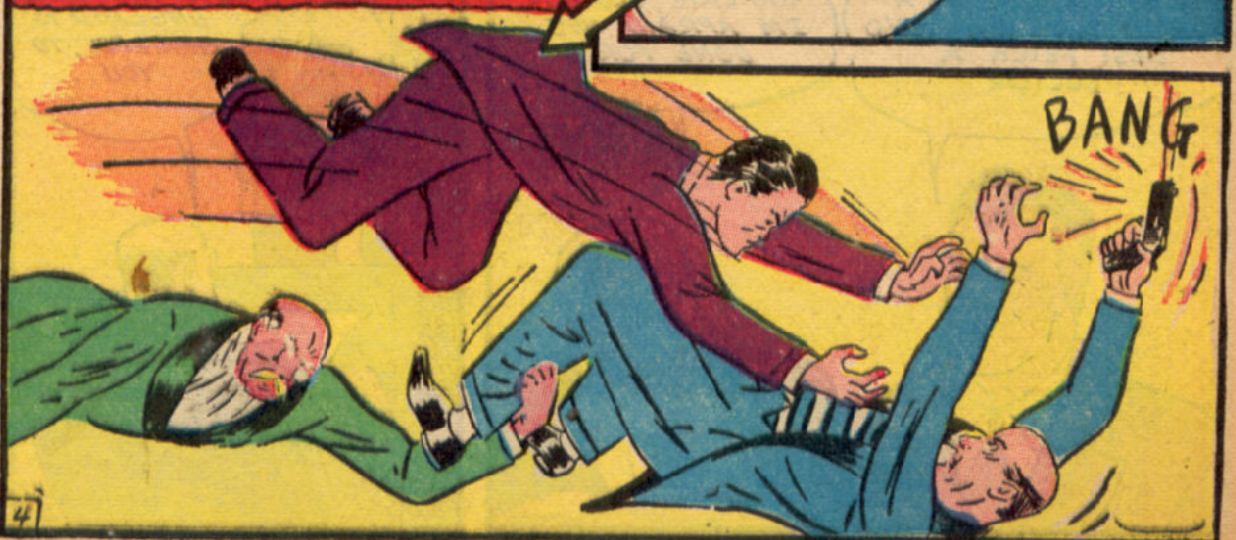




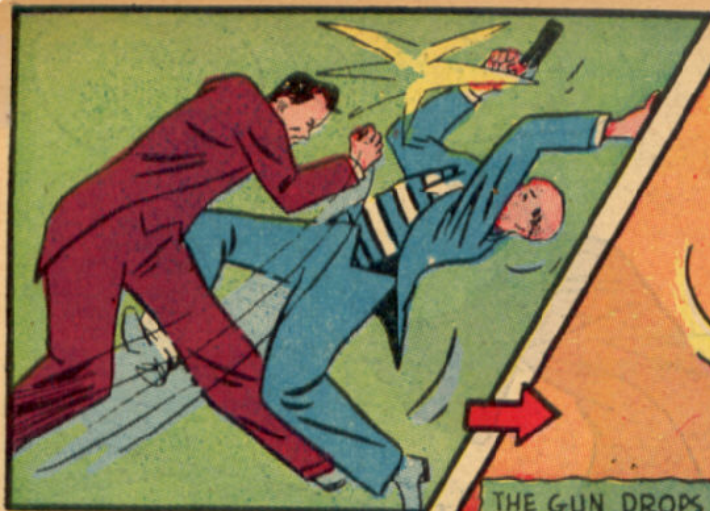




SIR NEVILLE, TRIPS OWEN AND  
BLAKE LUNGES FOR THE GUN—







THE GUN DROPS TO THE FLOOR!



OWEN  
BREAKS  
FREE!

LOOK  
OUT!



THE SPEAR PIERCES  
HIM THROUGH THE CHEST



SIR NEVILLE, GIVE ME A  
HAND WITH HIM. WE'D  
BEST FETCH A  
DOCTOR

TOO LATE, OLD BOY.  
I'M AFRAID HE'S  
DONE FOR



AND SO  
MR PRIME  
MINISTER I  
THANK YOU  
AGAIN

I SHALL  
PERSONALLY  
CONVEY NEWS  
OF THIS SERVICE  
TO YOUR COUNTRY  
AND TO THE KING!  
ENGLAND IS  
GRATEFUL, TO  
YOU

KAY  
RAY



SPARKS IS CAPTURED BY ONE OF THE SMUGGLERS WHO JUMPED IN THE WATER AND SURPRISED HIM WHILE HE SENT UP THE FLARE - THEY ARE BOTH TIED AND BROUGHT DOWN INTO A CABIN.

ALLRIGHT WISE GUYS! YOU JOINED THE NAVY TO SEE THE SEA, WELL WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

BANG!  
BANG!

THE COAST GUARD MEN BOARD THE DIANE----

UP 'EM,  
BOYS!

THE COAST GUARD MEN WIN ---

SHACK

GREAT WORK JIM - I DON'T APPROVE OF YOUR DISOBEYING COMMANDS BUT I'LL OVERLOOK IT THIS TIME - AS LONG AS YOUR HUNCH WAS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR NABBING THAT NARCOTIC LADEN SMUGGLER - IT WAS GREAT WORK!

SPARKS  
DESERVES AS  
MUCH OF THE  
CREDIT, A  
SIR!

SEE LT.  
JIM LANDIS  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF  
WHIRLWIND  
COMICS





## JUNGLE MADNESS

by  
Robert Turner

**T**HE CAMPFIRE was a tiny island of light in vast sea of blackness that was the jungle at night. Huddled close to the crackling warmth, Ken Robinson fondled the heavy rifle that lay across his knees.

Suddenly, from the tent behind Ken came the most terrifying sound of all. The screeching, high-pitched laughter of a madman! Ken shuddered. For the ninety ninth time in the past few days, he mused over the crazy situation in which he was involved.

A little over five years ago Ken Robinson had escaped from the United States as a wanted man. He was wanted for murder. He had run away because he saw that a great heap of circumstantial evidence pointed to his guilt. The only person in the world who could prove his innocence had also died that night.

In South America, under an assumed name, he got a job in a remote trading post a thousand miles inland up a jungle river. For five years he was safe.

Until one day George Carpenter and Nick Jergen, two New York detectives, walked into the trading post with a warrant for his arrest. Ken pleaded his case, but it did no good. Carpenter and Jergen were the two toughest cops in the world. Even if he could have *proved* his innocence, they would have taken him back. That's why they were assigned to his case.

Somewhere along the long trek back to civilization, George Carpenter contracted Sun Fever. In a few days he was reduced to a scrawny, drooling madman.

Right now, as Ken took his turn on guard, Carpenter was inside the tent, strapped to his cot. Jergen was next to him, deep in an exhausted sleep.

Ken grinned grimly. Their was a bitter humor to the situation. He, a prisoner, was now guarding his captors. He wasn't chained, or bound in any way. It wasn't necessary. A man alone wouldn't last one day in the jungle.

Gradually Ken's thoughts became more and more vague. His head nodded. His eyelids drooped. The jungle sounds seemed to fade in his ears. In another few minutes the gun dropped from his knees. He slept.

Ken Robinson awakened with a heavy hand shaking his shoulder, excitedly.

"He's gone!" Nick was shouting. "Carpenter's gone! Broke his straps while we both slept and ran off into the jungle!"

Shaking the last fog of sleep from his head, Ken walked over to the tent, silently took down a heavy revolver and strapped it about his waist. He picked up a long-bladed bush knife from the side of a sleeping native carrier and strode toward the thick jungle foliage at the fringe of the clearing.

Jergen's hand again found his shoulder, whirled him around. "W-where are you going?" Nick Jergen demanded.

"I'm going to try and bring him back, of course. You stay here and keep the blacks from stealing our junk."

Nick's sweating face grimaced with fear. "Don't



be a fool, Robinson! He - he's gone! You'll never find him. You'll get lost, too. You can't leave me alone here in camp. The natives 'll run off and leave me all alone in the jungle. I-I won't let you go!"

"You're the one who is being a fool! George Carpenter is out there in that green hell, sick and dying. If I get him back in time we can still save his life. You just keep a gun on the blacks and they'll behave. See you later!"

He started again toward the jungle. Before he had taken three steps, Nick Jergen's voice rang out.

"If you leave this camp, I'll kill you!"

Ken wheeled to find Jergen's revolver pointed dead blank at his chest. He started toward him. He shrugged.

"All right," he said. "You win."

He came right up to Jergen, smiling. Then, abruptly, his foot kicked out, sent Jergen's gun flying. He took another forward step, his balled fist swinging up from his knees. The blow exploded against Jergen's chin. He dropped like a log.

Ken pivoted then, darted straight into the thick, dank undergrowth of the jungle. He picked up the sick man's trail right away.

Late that afternoon, his clothes almost entirely ripped off, his body a bloody welter of scratches and insect bites, Ken Robertson noticed a tribe of monkeys huddled together in the branches of a single tree. They were chattering excitedly, pointing downward, hurling down twigs and bits of fruit.

Ken crashed on toward the base of the tree, where

he saw George Carpenter, sprawled face down at the edge of a swamp. He slung the unconscious form across his shoulders, managed to stagger back a few miles the way he had come, before nightfall.

The next day lingered as but a horrible nightmare in Ken's memory for ever afterward. With the burden of the sick, unconscious man growing heavier and heavier, he staggered on, splashing through swamps, stumbling through forests of fern. He remembered vaguely, shooting a leopard, cutting down a huge python as it dangled from a limb directly in their path. Late that afternoon they came wobbling into the camp, where he collapsed in Jergen's arms.

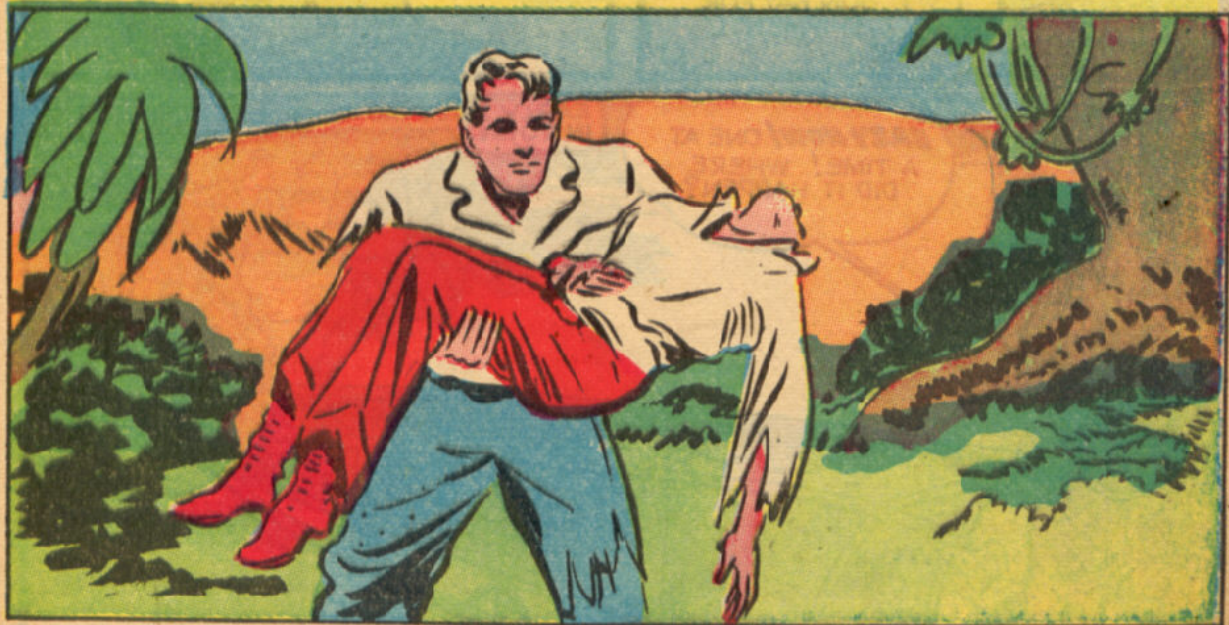
A week later Ken and Nick Jergen nursed Carpenter back to the stage where he was able to go on with them. A month from the time they left the trading post, they trekked into a frontier town. Three of them came into town. Only two of them left.

Going down the river toward the coast, alone, Nick Jergen and George Carpenter looked at each other and grinned, sheepishly.

"Too bad we have to turn in the report that Robinson died in the jungle on the way back, ain't it?" Carpenter said.

"Yeah," Jergen grunted. They both winked. "He was kind of a nice fellow, and I wouldn't be surprised if he really was innocent!"

Back in the frontier town, Ken Robinson was thinking that even hardboiled New York cops get soft, sometimes.





# REX ROYCE

TO THE FAR NORTH, WHERE THE ONLY LAW IS A GUN, THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE HAS STATIONED ONE OF IT'S FINEST OFFICERS TO KEEP PEACE IN WHAT IS PROBABLY THE TOUGHEST SECTION OF THE WORLD.



"HIS MAJESTY'S OFFICER"

ONE NIGHT CAPTAIN ROYCE IS AWAKENED FROM DEEP SLUMBER BY A TELEPHONE CALL FROM A VILLAGE 40 MILES AWAY.



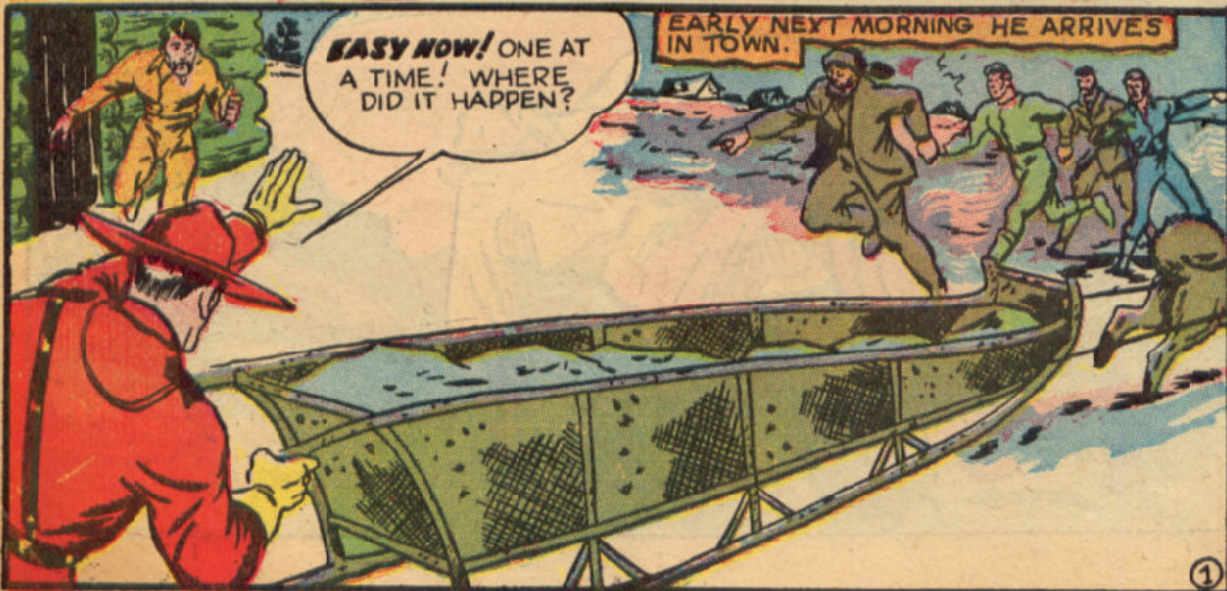
OKAY!  
I'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

COME QUICK!  
CANUCK LOUIE HAS JUST KILLED TWO MEN AND ROBBED THE HUDSON BAY FUR SHIPMENT!!

HURRIEDLY CAPTAIN ROYCE HITCHES HIS DOG TEAM TO A SLED AND SETS OUT.



LET'S GO HUSKIES!  
WE'VE FORTY MILES TO MUSH TONIGHT!



EASY NOW! ONE AT A TIME! WHERE DID IT HAPPEN?

EARLY NEXT MORNING HE ARRIVES IN TOWN.







A PIECE OF LEATHER THONG SHOWS THAT CANUCK JOE'S SNOWSHOES HAVE BROKEN

THIS MEANS HE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER. HE MUST BE WAITING IN AMBUSH FOR ME!

CAPTAIN ROYCE CIRCLES AROUND TO CATCH CANUCK JOE UNAWARES.

NOW TO GET WITHIN SHOOTING DISTANCE. MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! **THERE HE IS!**

ALL RIGHT JOE DROP YOUR GUN, THE CHASE IS OVER!

HA! YOU T'INK YOU'RE PRETTY 'SMART, EH? WELL, TAKE DEES GUN AN' SEE HOW YOU LIKE DAT!

NOW I FINISH YOU QUEEK!

IT TAKES MORE THAN ONE BLOW ON THE HEAD TO KNOCK CAPTAIN ROYCE OUT.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



AND THE MURDERER IS SOON SUBDUED

PEOPLE DON'T  
FINISH ME OFF  
VERY EASILY!

UGH!



HIS CAPTIVE LASHED TO THE SLED, CAPTAIN ROYCE SETS OUT FOR HOME.

THAT LOOKS  
LIKE A BLIZZARD  
BLOWING UP!



THE BLIZZARD SOON BECOMES TOO FIERCE TO TRAVEL IN.

IF I UNTIE YOU,  
WILL YOU GIVE ME  
YOUR PROMISE NOT  
TO TRY TO ESCAPE?

YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE  
ME TO DIE / I PROMISE  
NOTHING!



UNTIL YOU'RE CONVICTED  
I'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL  
YOU, BUT DON'T TRY  
TO ESCAPE!

TANK  
YOU!



SNATCHING THE KNIFE, CANUCK JOE TREACHEROUSLY  
TRIES TO KILL THE CAPTAIN.

BUT I TELL YOU  
I PROMISE  
NOTHING!

YOU  
DIRTY!





THEY STRUGGLE DESPERATELY  
IN THE MIDST OF THE STORM.

YOU  
STRONG  
MAN!

YOU'RE  
DARN  
RIGHT!



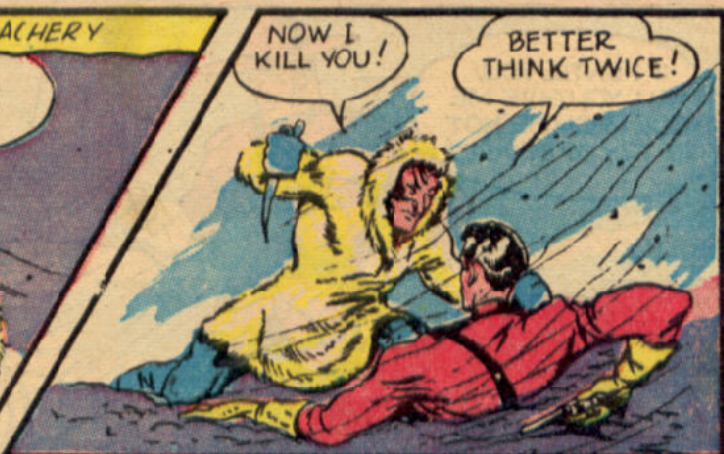
AGAIN CANUCK JOE RESORTS TO TREACHERY

BUT THIS  
FIX YOU!



NOW I  
KILL YOU!

BETTER  
THINK TWICE!



WITH THE LAST OF HIS WANING  
STRENGTH, CAPTAIN ROYCE  
DRAWS HIS PISTOL.

YOU  
ASKED  
FOR  
THIS!

BANG!

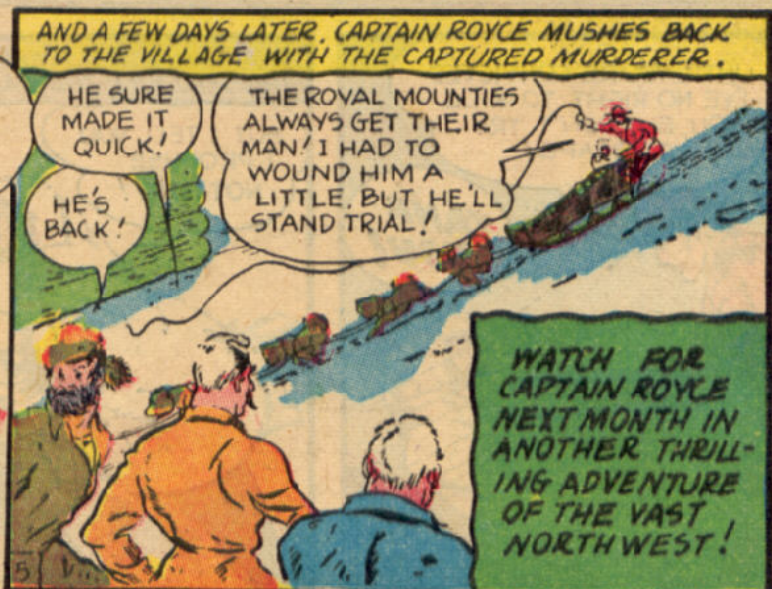


AND A FEW DAYS LATER, CAPTAIN ROYCE MUSHES BACK  
TO THE VILLAGE WITH THE CAPTURED MURDERER.

HE SURE  
MADE IT  
QUICK!

HE'S  
BACK!

THE ROYAL MOUNTIES  
ALWAYS GET THEIR  
MAN! I HAD TO  
WOUND HIM A  
LITTLE, BUT HE'LL  
STAND TRIAL!



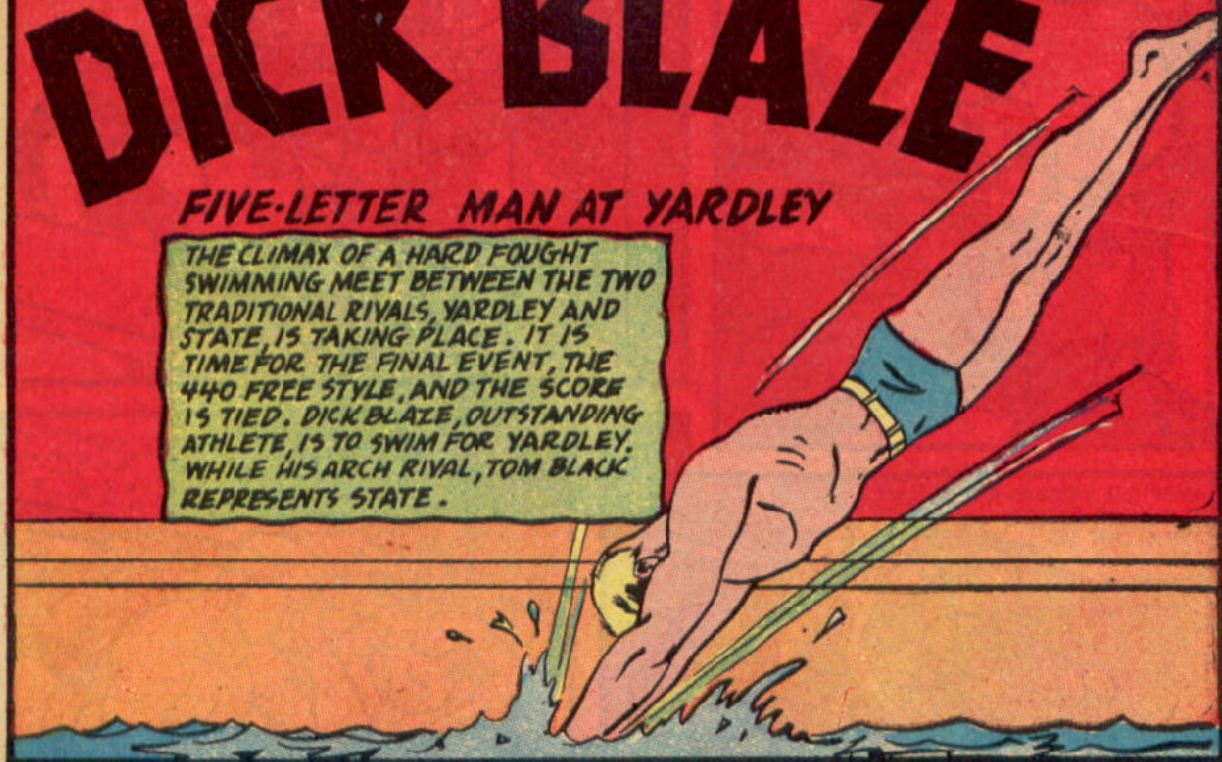
WATCH FOR  
CAPTAIN ROYCE  
NEXT MONTH IN  
ANOTHER THRILL-  
ING ADVENTURE  
OF THE VAST  
NORTHWEST!



# DICK BLAZE

## FIVE-LETTER MAN AT YARDLEY

THE CLIMAX OF A HARD FOUGHT SWIMMING MEET BETWEEN THE TWO TRADITIONAL RIVALS, YARDLEY AND STATE, IS TAKING PLACE. IT IS TIME FOR THE FINAL EVENT, THE 440 FREE STYLE, AND THE SCORE IS TIED. DICK BLAZE, OUTSTANDING ATHLETE, IS TO SWIM FOR YARDLEY, WHILE HIS ARCH RIVAL, TOM BLACK REPRESENTS STATE.



YOU MUST WIN DICK. THIS MEANS EVERYTHING NOT ONLY FOR YARDLEY BUT FOR ME TOO, IT MEANS MY JOB.

I'LL GIVE IT ALL I CAN COACH! I BETTER GET READY NOW! I'LL SEE YOU LATER, BARBARA.



OUTSIDE COACH BURTON'S OFFICE AT YARDLEY

I WISH YOU'D WIN, JUST TO SPITE TOM BLACK. THIS IS ONE TIME YOU MUST SHOW HIM HE CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING WITH ALL HIS MONEY!



15 MINUTES LATER

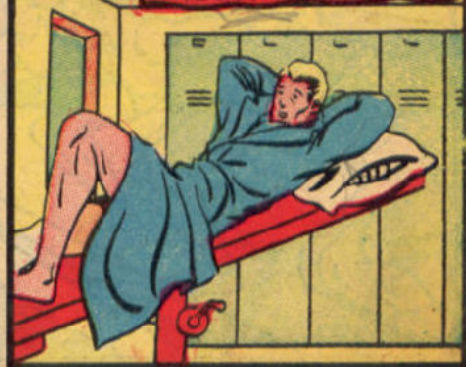
MEANWHILE A PLOT IS BEING HATCHED IN STATE'S DRESSING ROOM WITH TOM BLACK, DICK'S RIVAL.

HERE'S THE MONEY, NOW DO A GOOD JOB AND MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO SLIP-UPS.

YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO SPIKE AND ME.

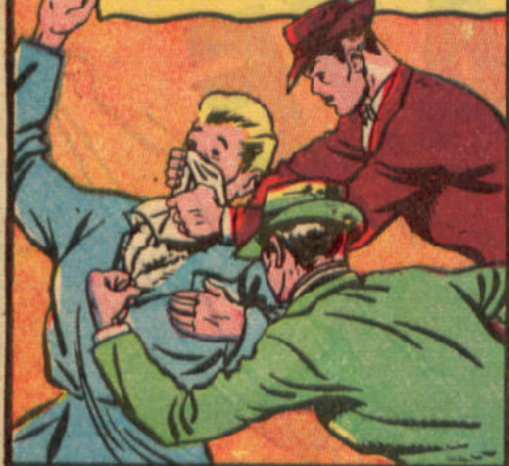


DICK RELAXES TO RESERVE HIS STRENGTH FOR THE TRYING TEST.





THE THUGS SNEAK INTO THE LOCKER ROOM AND POUNCE ON DICK WITH A CHLOROFORMED HANDKERCHIEF.



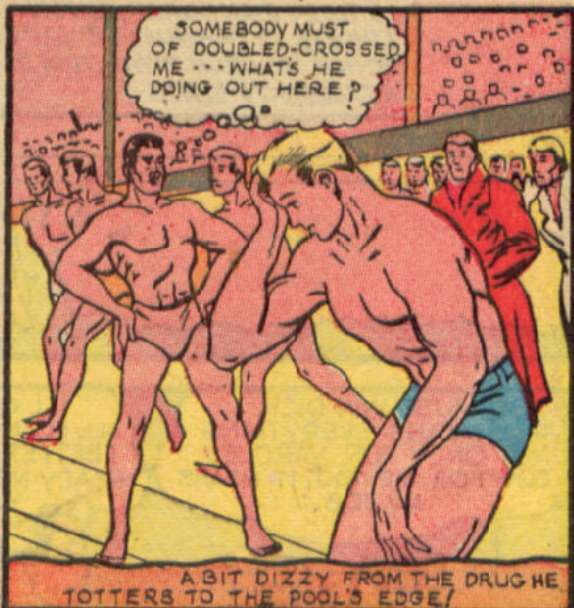
BEFORE THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT HE FIGHTS BACK.



ANOTHER VICIOUS RIGHT PUTS THE OTHER THUG OUT OF THE WAY.

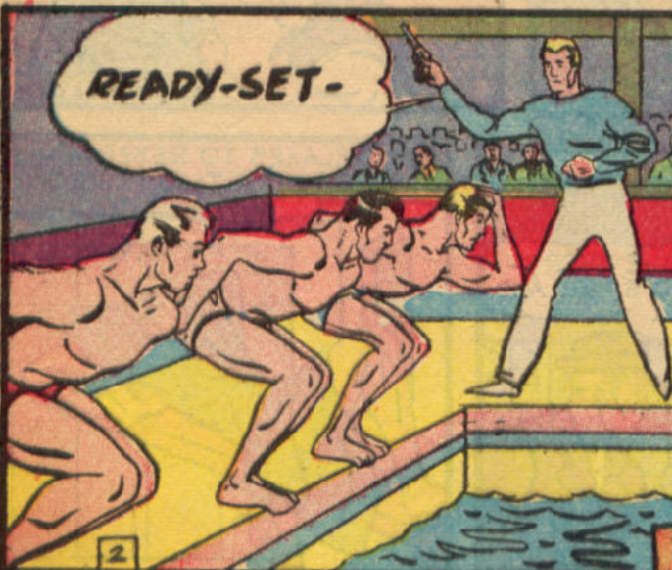


SOMEBODY MUST OF DOUBLED-CROSSED ME... WHAT'S HE DOING OUT HERE?

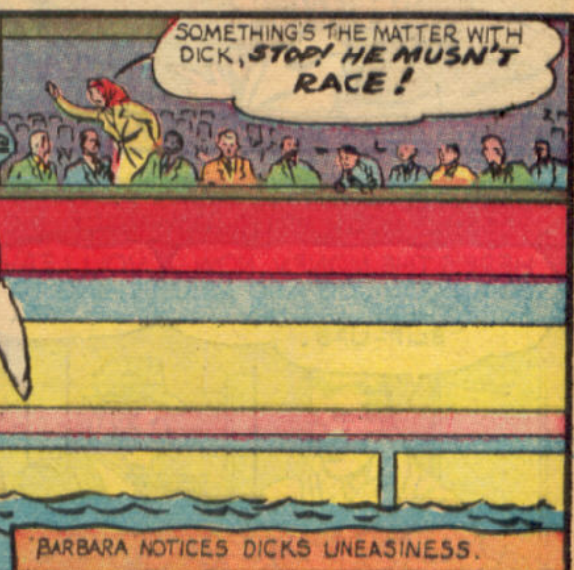


A BIT DIZZY FROM THE DRUG HE TOTTERS TO THE POOL'S EDGE!

READY-SET-



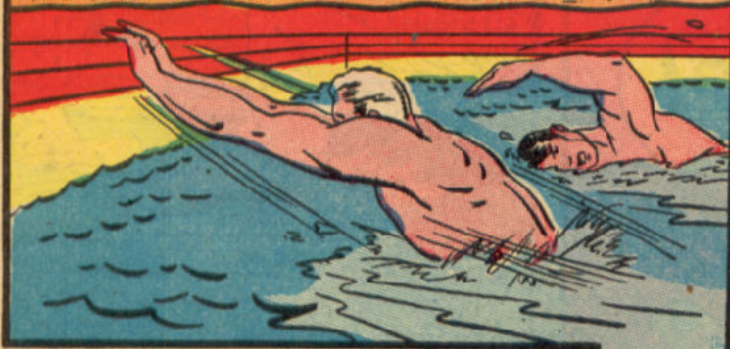
SOMETHING'S THE MATTER WITH DICK, STOP! HE MUSN'T RACE!



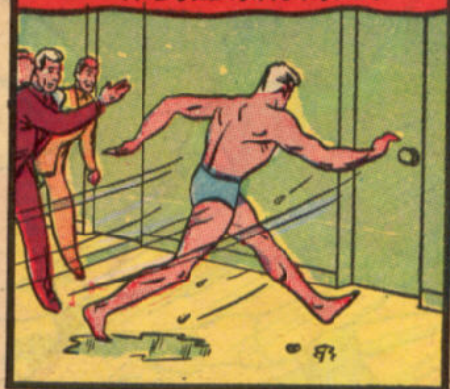
BARBARA NOTICES DICK'S UNEASINESS.



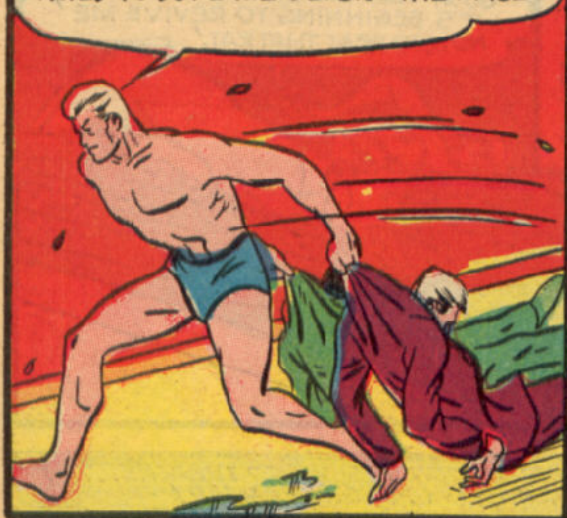
HOWEVER, TOM'S TREACHERY WAS TO NO AVAIL! DICK IN A SWEEPING SPURT PASSES HIM AND WINS, HIS HANDS TOUCHING THE EDGE OF THE POOL FIRST!



IGNORING THE CHEERS OF EVERYONE, DICK STRIDES QUICKLY TOWARDS THE DRESSING ROOM!



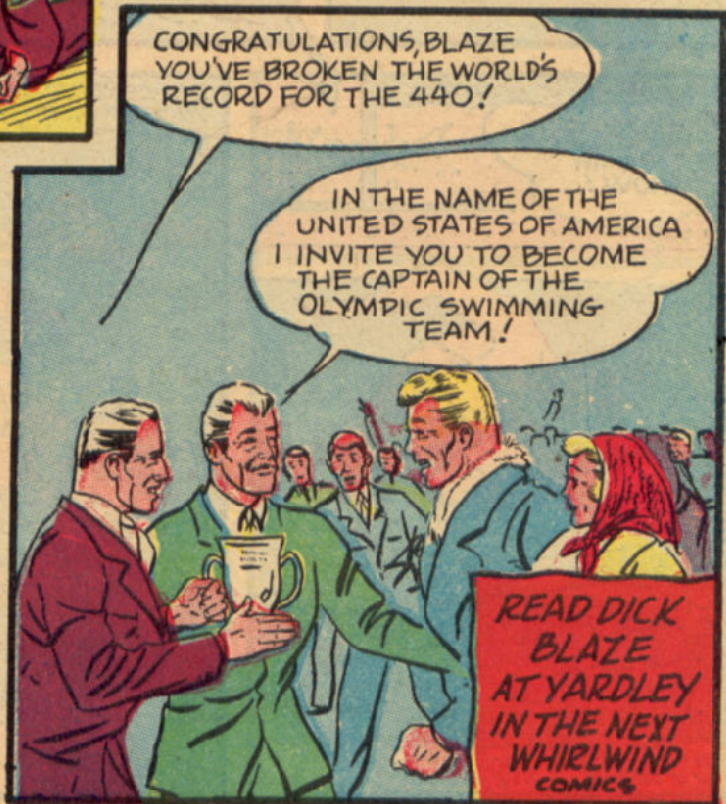
I WANT THESE MEN ARRESTED! THEY TRIED TO DOPE ME BEFORE THE RACE!



ARREST HIM TOO! IT WASN'T OUR IDEA, HE PAID US TO DO IT!



CONGRATULATIONS, BLAZE YOU'VE BROKEN THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE 440!



IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA I INVITE YOU TO BECOME THE CAPTAIN OF THE OLYMPIC SWIMMING TEAM!

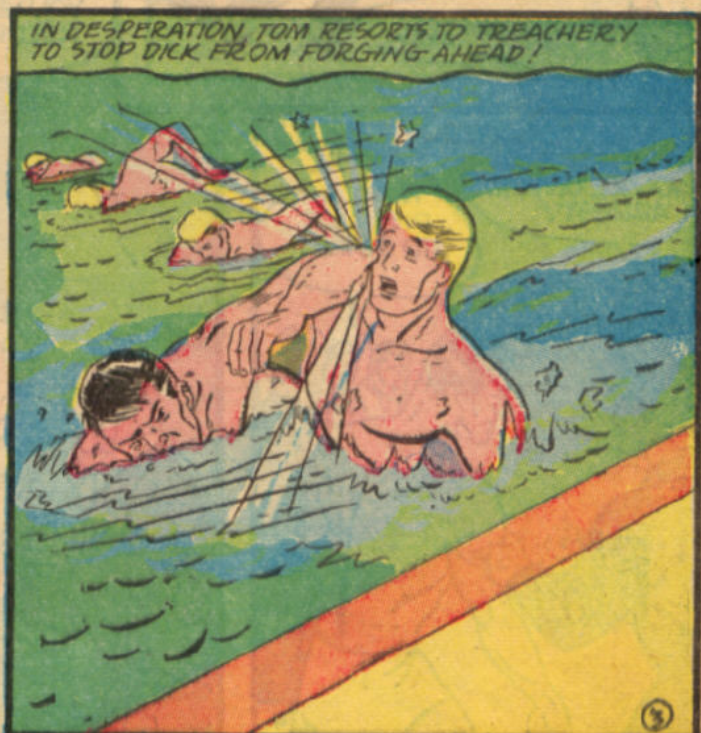
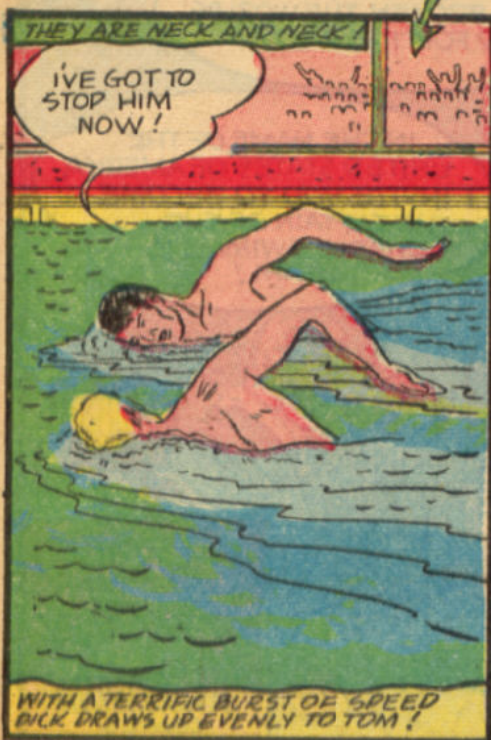
YOU BETTER COME WITH ME TOO YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT A DISGRACE TO STATE!



READ DICK BLAZE AT YARDLEY IN THE NEXT WHIRLWIND COMICS







# BRUCE BARLOW

## CONQUEROR OF THE PLANETS



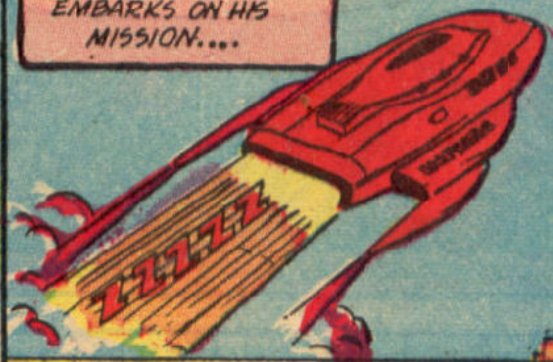
THE COMPLETE DISSOLUTION OF SLOVANIA, A KINGDOM OF EARTH, BAFFLED PROMINENT SCIENTISTS UNTIL THE TELEVISION RESEARCH BUREAU OF THE U.S. RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM TOKO, THE TERRIBLE OF SATURN THAT SAID THE EARTH WOULD BE DISSOLVED UNLESS A REPRESENTATIVE WOULD BE SENT TO DISCUSS HIS TERMS. IT IS THE YEAR, 1980, A.D.

THANK YOU SIR! YOUR TRUST WILL NOT BE IN VAIN!

YOU HAVE BEEN PICKED ABOVE ALL MEN, BRUCE, TO GO TO SATURN. THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE EARTH RESTS ON YOU. GOOD LUCK, MY BOY, AND BE CAREFUL!

AND SO A MEETING TAKES PLACE IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

ALONE, BRUCE BARLOW EMBARKS ON HIS MISSION...



THE ROCKET SHIP, R.S. INPURA, WHIZZES FROM THE GROUND

THIS IS FUNNY? THEY ALL SEEM TO BE UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL AND MOVE LIKE ROBOTS!

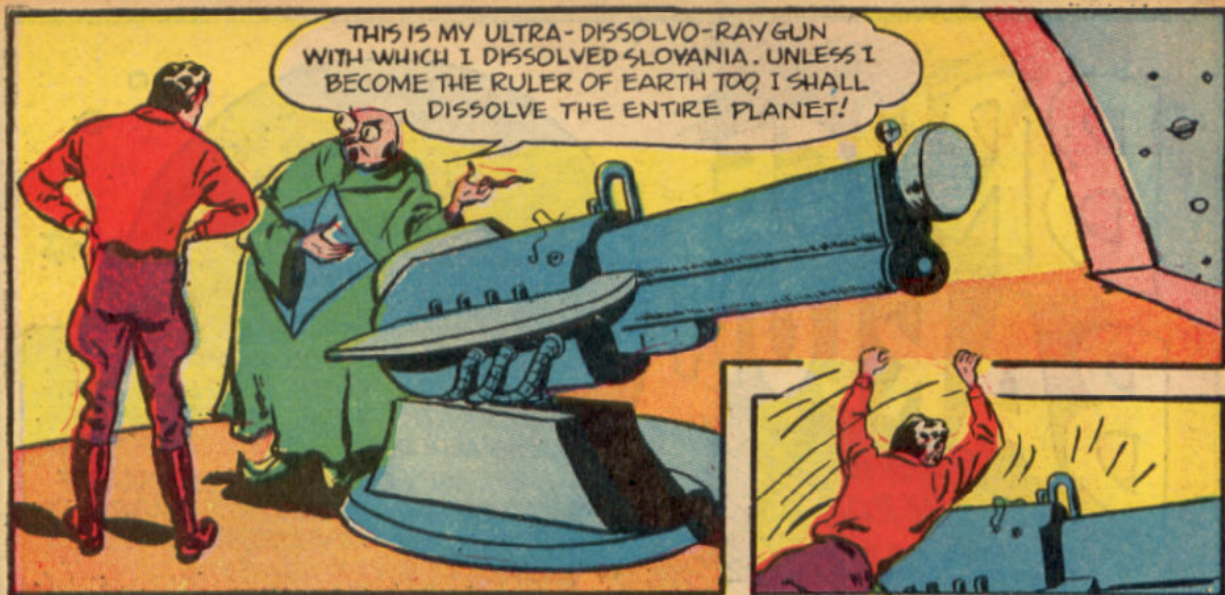
630 LIGHT DAYS LATER, BRUCE REACHES SATURN'S LANDING FIELD. HE IS ESCORTED BY THE GUARD TO TOKO, EMPEROR OF SATURN.

I HAVE BEEN SENT BY PLANET EARTH TO SEE WHAT ARRANGEMENT CAN BE MADE WITH YOU FOR PEACE! WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS?

I HAVE NO TERMS! I WANT TO BECOME RULER OF THE ENTIRE PLANETARY SYSTEM--! ALREADY I HAVE CONQUERED THE OTHER PLANETS! COME! I SHALL SHOW YOU HOW!

IN THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THE MIGHTY TOKO!





THIS IS MY ULTRA-DISSOLVO-RAY GUN WITH WHICH I DISSOLVED SLOVANIA. UNLESS I BECOME THE RULER OF EARTH TOO, I SHALL DISSOLVE THE ENTIRE PLANET!



SENSING TOKO'S MADNESS, BRUCE LUNGES AT THE GUN IN AN EFFORT TO SMASH THE INFERNAL MACHINE!



WHY! YOU'RE MAD!

TAKE HIM TO THE PRISON OF INVISIBLE BARS! TONIGHT I SHALL ANNIHILATE THE EARTH!

HE IS OVERPOWERED BY TOKO'S GUARDS!



BRUCE IS IMPRISONED BEHIND INVISIBLE BARS. HE CANNOT SEE THEM BUT HE CANNOT PASS THROUGH THEM!

?

WHO ARE YOU?

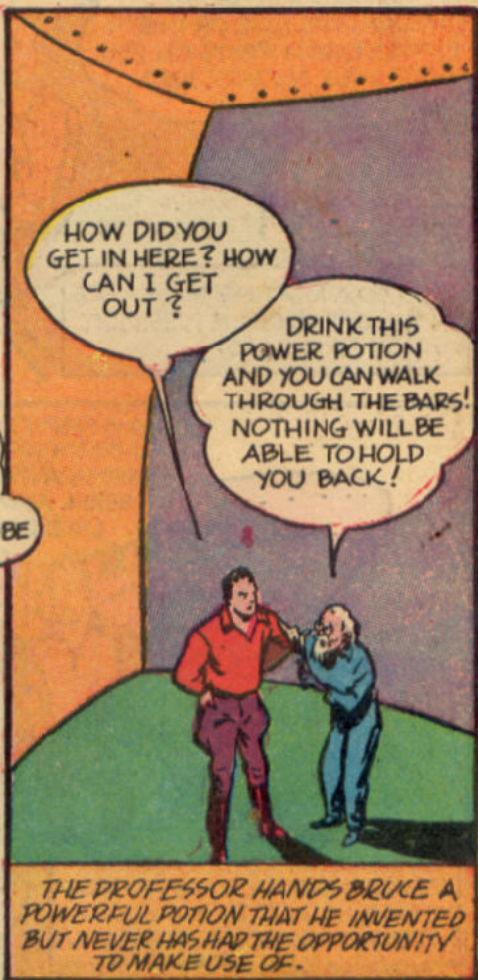
HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

I AM PROFESSOR JENKINS!

I WAS STRANDED HERE MANY YEARS AGO ON A ROCKET SHIP. I INVENTED THE DISSOLVO RAY-GUN, BUT IT WAS TO BE USED ON DISEASE. TOKO SEIZED IT, AND IS USING IT FOR HIS OWN DASTARDLY PURPOSES! WE MUST STOP HIM!



SUDDENLY BEFORE HIM STANDS A MAN THAT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FROM EARTH!



HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? HOW CAN I GET OUT?

DRINK THIS POWER POTION AND YOU CAN WALK THROUGH THE BARS! NOTHING WILL BE ABLE TO HOLD YOU BACK!

THE PROFESSOR HANDS BRUCE A POWERFUL POTION THAT HE INVENTED BUT NEVER HAS HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE USE OF.

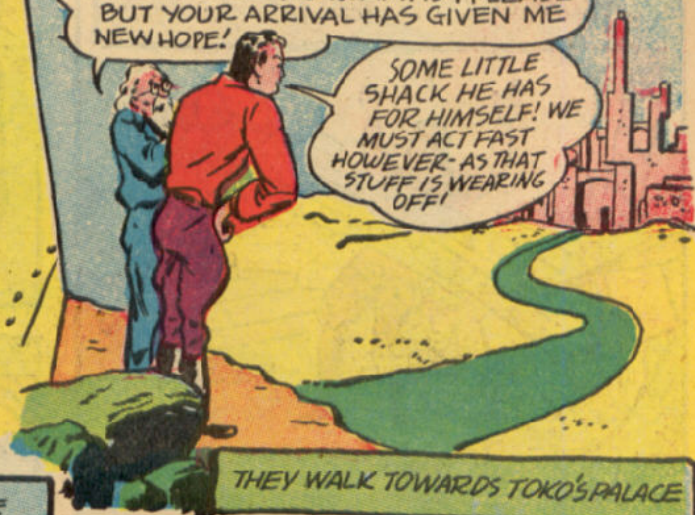


BRUCE DRINKS THE LIQUID AND IS AMAZED AT HIS OWN SUDDEN SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH! HE WALKS THRU THE BARS FOLLOWED BY THE PROFESSOR



I HAVEN'T HAD ANY MEANS OF LEAVING HERE BEFORE YOU CAME, SO I DIDN'T HAVE ANY REASON TO USE THE POTION MYSELF! TOKO HAS LET ME ROAM AS I PLEASE BUT YOUR ARRIVAL HAS GIVEN ME NEW HOPE!

SOME LITTLE SHACK HE HAS FOR HIMSELF! WE MUST ACT FAST HOWEVER- AS THAT STUFF IS WEARING OFF!

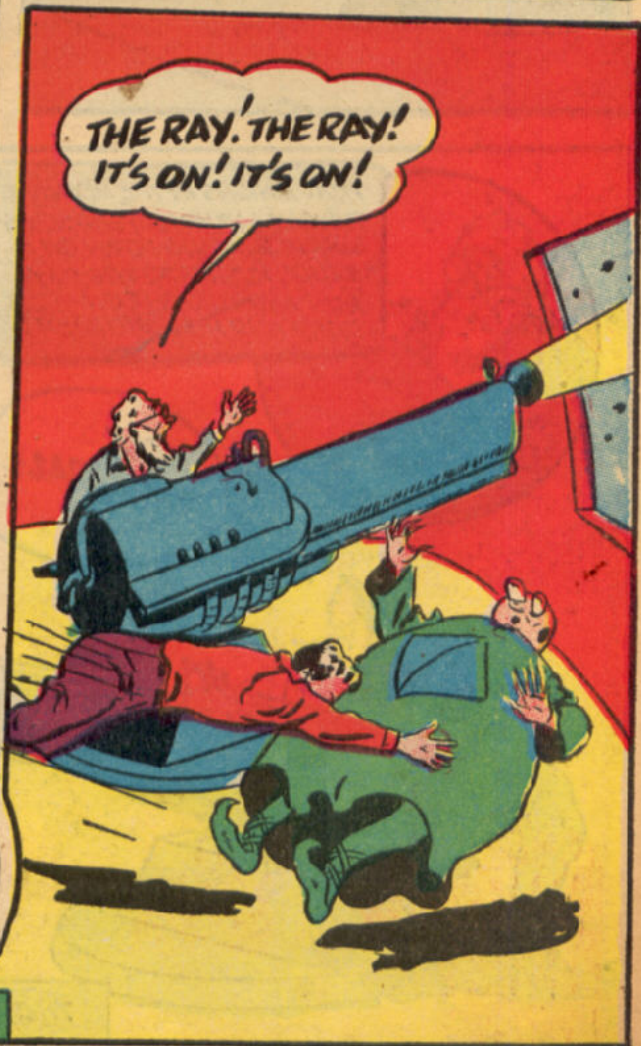


THEY WALK TOWARDS TOKO'S PALACE

THE GUARDS TRY TO STOP THEM, BUT BRUCE PUSHES THEM ASIDE AS THOUGH THEY WERE WEEDS AND LEADS FOR TOKO'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.



THE RAY! THE RAY!  
IT'S ON! IT'S ON!



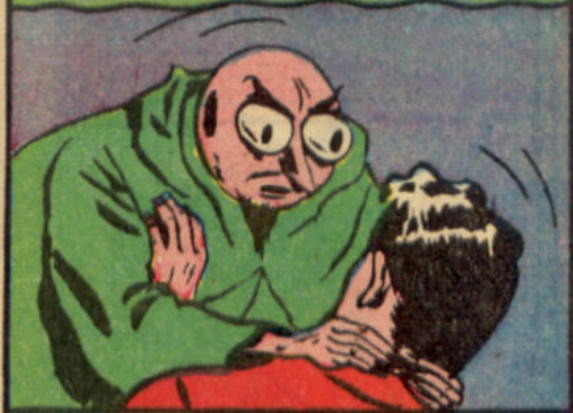
TOKO RUSHES TO THE RAY-GUN



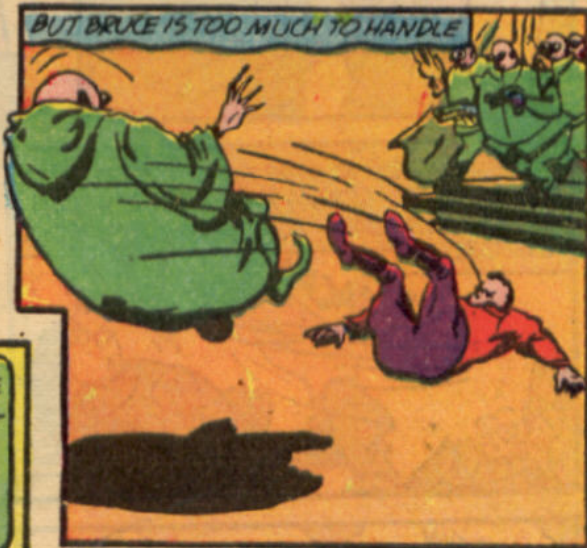
IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE, TOKO HURLS A CHAIR AT BRUCE. HE SIDESTEPS IT! IT HITS PROF. JENKINS, WHO FALLS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR!



TOKO TRIES HIS BEST TO SAVE HIMSELF



BUT BRUCE IS TOO MUCH TO HANDLE



PROF. JENKINS IN THE MEANTIME STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND SEEING GUARDS BEARING DOWN ON BRUCE, RUSHES TO THE RAY-GUN AND TURNS IT ON TOKO AND HIS HENCHMEN!



HOLY MACKERAL!

SSST!

THE RAY-GUN ACTS AS A BOOMERANG!

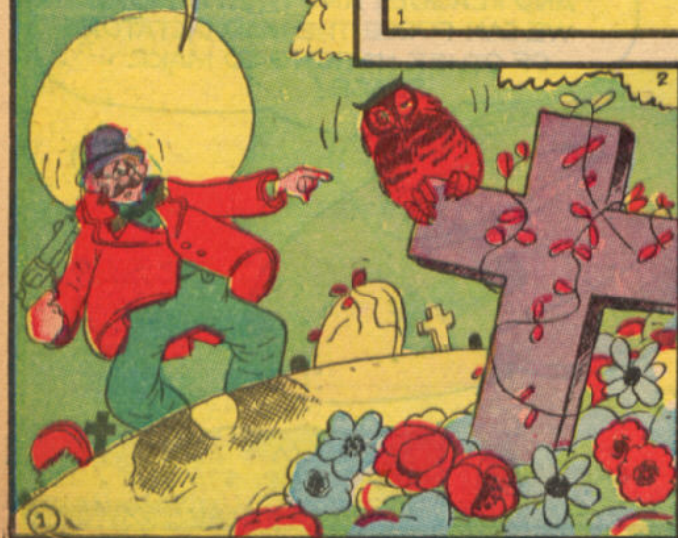


# DOODAD

THE  
**DETECTIVE**  
AND THE 3 SPOOKS  
by R. Johnson



THERE HE IS!  
PLUMB TUCKERED OUT.  
POOR BLOKE! SOMEONE  
GOT 'M B'GAD - GOT 'M  
GOOD! TCH! TCH!  
GUESS I'LL HAFTO  
SOLVE THIS HERE CRIME  
TILL THE POLICE  
COME!



SHOT IN THE BACK!  
I'LL GET ON THIS  
RIGHT AWAY! WHO  
KILLED YUH  
BUDDY?

IT WAS  
...AA..  
...UGH..  
...ULP..!

FIRST  
CLASS  
CEMETERY

SAY! SOMETHING'S  
GOING ON IN THE  
GRAVEYARD!  
SOUNDS LIKE A  
MURDER!  
OH, BOY!





THE DEATH OF TOKO HAS A CURIOUS EFFECT ON THE POPULACE OF SATURN, AS THE PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES FREE OF THEIR HYPNOTIC STATE -

COME, PROFESSOR, WE MUST RETURN TO EARTH WITH THIS GUN!

EARTH? I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT! I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE IT AGAIN!

WITH THE AID OF THE NEWLY HAPPY SATURNITES THEY MAKE READY TO LEAVE

IN THE ROCKETSHIP SPEEDING BACK TO EARTH...

WHEN WE GET BACK TO EARTH WE CAN USE MY GUN TO DO SOME GOOD! -

YOUR GUN CAN BE USED TO WIPE OUT DREADED DISEASES AND PLAGUES, AND WHAT IS MORE WE CAN FORCE THE MAD DICTATORS OF OTHER NATIONS TO MAKE PEACE!

SEE BRUCE BARLOW'S ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND!



1  
A CHANGE INTO A  
NEW DISGUISE AND  
LO' OFF I GO TO SOLVE  
THIS CASE! DON'T  
BREED ON CRIME,  
IT NEVER PAYS!

DOODAD CHANGES  
INTO A NEW DISGUISE!

2  
AH! FOOTSTEPS!  
I GOTTA FOLLOW  
THEM!

HEY  
YOU!

AN' DERN GOOD  
ONES AT THAT!

WELL, IF  
YA' MUST KNOW,  
WE'RE A COUPLA'  
SPIRITS LEFT  
OVER FROM  
'76

3  
SUDDENLY!

4  
SAY! WHO ARE  
YOU GUYS?

WE AIN'T  
SAYIN'! WHO  
ARE YOU?

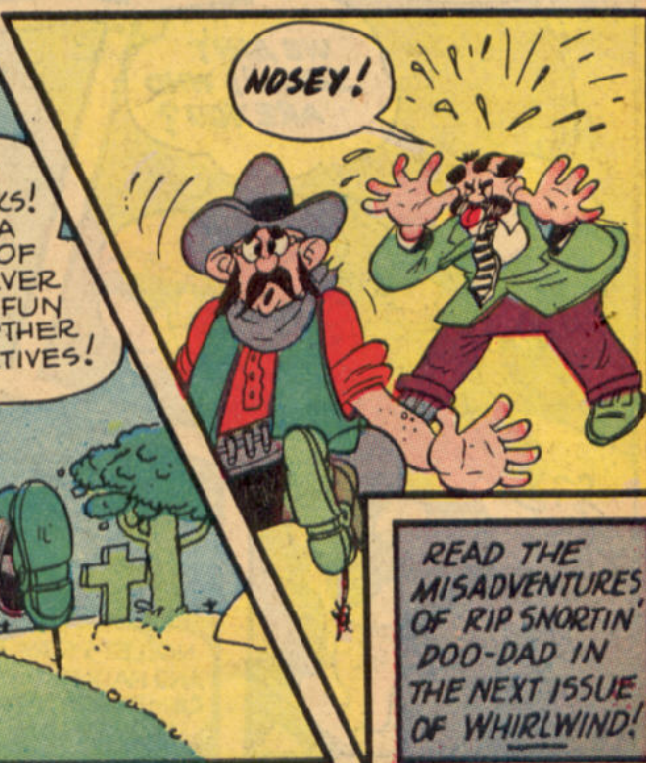
5  
WELL SIRs, I NEVER MET UP  
WITH ANY SPOOKS BEFORE—YOU  
FELLOWS SEEM AMIABLE ENOUGH!  
I'M SOLVING A CRIME! YOU WOULDN'T  
HELP ME FIND OUT WHO KILLED  
THAT FELLOW OVER  
THERE?

WE THOUGHT WE'D  
RUN OVER TO THE  
MOVIES AND SEE  
GONE WITH THE  
BREEZE!

6  
NO! LETS STAY  
AND HAUNT THE  
CEMETERY, IT'S  
MORE FUN!

LET'S  
JUST  
STAY!







# SMASH DAWSON

## and the MAGIC MANDARIN

THAT WEIRD, ORIENTAL INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS ASSUMED THE PSEUDONYM OF THE MAGIC MANDARIN HAS SWORN VENGEANCE AGAINST THE WHITE RACE AND SMASH DAWSON, CRACK FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT AND CRIMINOLOGIST OF THE NEW YORK RECORD. DAWSON HAS BEEN HIS PERSISTANT PURSUER. THE MANDARIN, KNOWN AS LEE CHING, ORIENTAL IMPORTER. WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A DYNAMIC STONE OF MAGNETIC POWER, THAT HE INHERITED FROM HIS ANCESTORS HE PLOTS DISASTER FOR THE NATION FROM HIS HEADQUARTERS ATOP THE IMPERIAL STATE BUILDING.







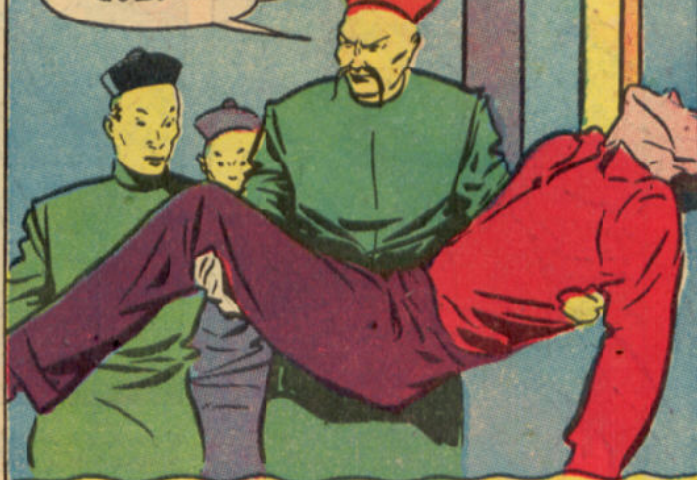


DESPITE THE FACT THAT I HAVE RENDERED YOU DEAF AND MUTE BY THE POWER OF THE DRAGON STONE YOU SHALL STILL SEE THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR FELLOW MEN.



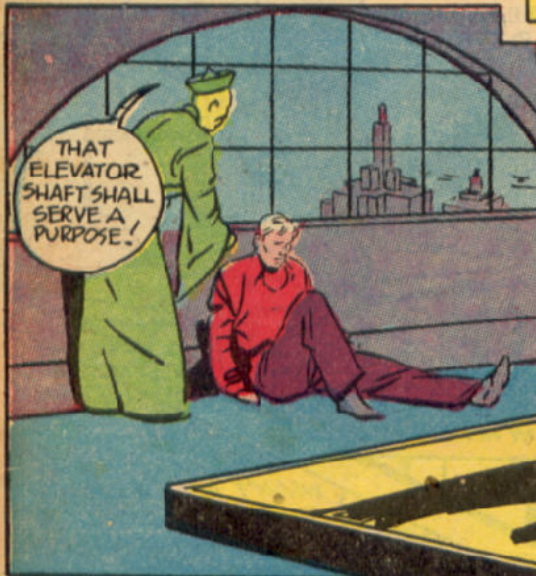
THE MANDARIN TOUCHES DAWSON ON THE SHOULDER. AS HE TRIES TO TURN TO GET AWAY, HE FINDS HE CAN NOT MOVE EASILY!

BROTHERS, WE GO TO THE TOWER - WE SHALL TAKE THIS WHITE WRETCH AS OUR GUEST!

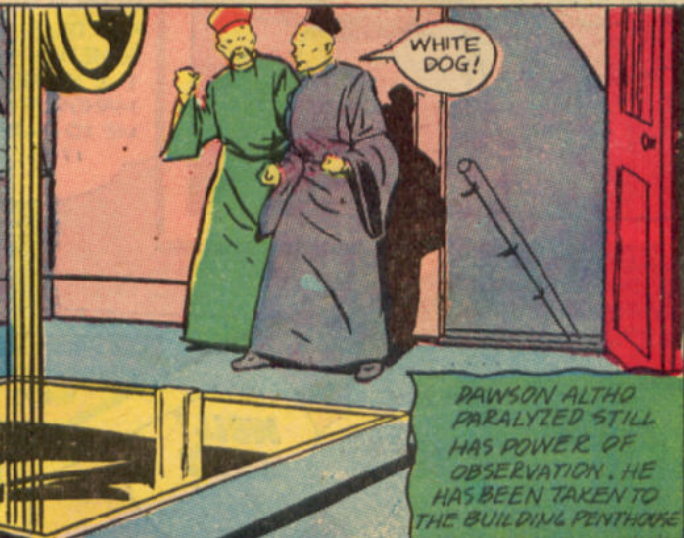


THE MANDARIN LIFTS THE PARALYZED DAWSON IN HIS ARMS

THAT ELEVATOR SHAFT SHALL SERVE A PURPOSE!



WHITE DOG!



DAWSON ALTHO PARALYZED STILL HAS POWER OF OBSERVATION. HE HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE BUILDING PENTHOUSE

THE MANDARIN SPEAKS TO HIS MANCHUS

BROTHERS, THIS FAR FAMED STONE OF THE DRAGON, WRAPPED IN SILK, IT IS USELESS, UNCOVERED, IT HAS THE POTENCY FAR BEYOND OUR IMAGINATION - WITH YOUR HELP AND THIS GIFT OF OUR HISTORY WE WILL CONQUER THE WORLD!



THE MANDARIN UNTHINKING WRAPS IT UP AGAIN IN ITS SILKEN WRAPPER AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET - THIS RESULTS IN DAWSON REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS ---

ITS POWERS CAN BE DIRECTED BY ONE FAMILY OF IMPERIAL MANDARINS WHO HAS ATTAINED THE MASTERY OF ALL MAGIC - I AM THAT MAGIC MANDARIN!





BUT NOT FOR LONG - AS THE MANDARIN QUICKLY OPENS IT AND PARALYZES HIM AGAIN



ANGERED, THEY DRAW KNIVES AND RUSH TOWARDS HIM!



AS HIS STIFF BODY LOSES ITS BALANCE HE FALLS OVER INTO THE SHAFT

WHILE AT THE NEW YORK POLICE HEADQUARTERS - - -

WHERE IN BLAZES IS ME FINE FRIEND MR DAWSON HE PHONES ME AND TELL'S ME HE HAS SOMETHIN' HOT AND THE THE YOUNG GAZZON HANGS UP AND LEAVES ME TO IMAGINE WHAT IT IS!



SGT O'FLAHERTY, CLOSE FRIEND OF SMASH DAWSON, NERVOUSLY WAITS IN HIS OFFICE.

SUSAN PRESCOTT OF DAWSON'S PAPER IN THE SOCIETY DEPT RUSHES INTO HEADQUARTERS WITH A NOTE . . .

HURRY! O'FLAHERTY I FOUND THIS NOTE IN 'SMASHE'S' OFFICE WHEN I WENT THERE TO MEET HIM. HE'S AT ROOM 8005 IN THE IMPERIAL STATE BLDG I'M AFRAID IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!

WELL! LET'S GO!



SMASH LEFT SUSAN A NOTE SAYING WHERE HE WAS GOING AND IF HE WASN'T BACK BY MIDNIGHT, TO GET THE SGT. AND COME AFTER HIM.

80TH FLOOR, QUICK!



THEY RUSH TO THE IMPERIAL STATE BLDG.



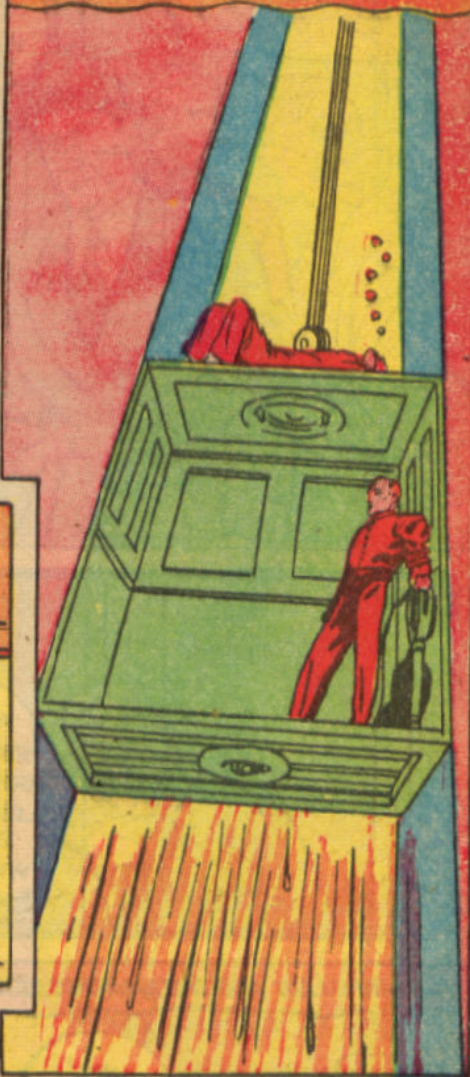




DESPITE THE SGT'S GUN THEY ARE OVERPOWERED IN A TUGGLE!



SMASH LUCKILY ESCAPES SURE DEATH! HIS FALL WAS ONLY A FEW FEET TO THE WAITING ELEVATOR--



THE MANDARIN PLANS TO GET SUSAN AND THE SGT. OUT OF THE WAY ALSO---



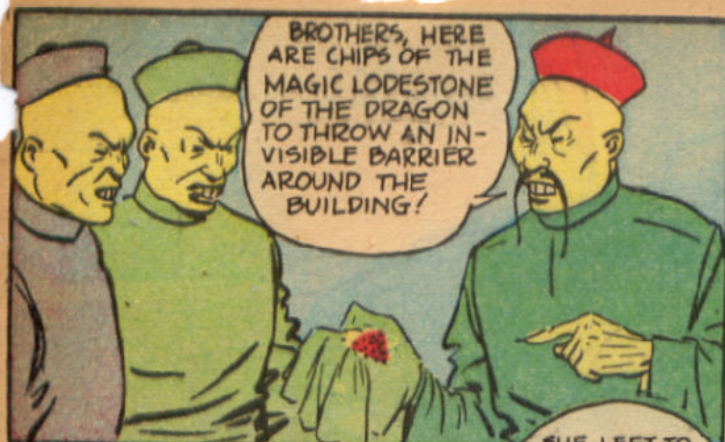
IT IS A PITY YOU MISSED OUR OTHER GUESTS, MY FAT SLEUTH! I DO NOT DOUBT YOU WILL JOIN HIM BY THE SAME EXIT VERY SHORTLY!



IN ORDER THAT YOU SHALL NOT DISTURB ME WHILE I PREPARE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR BELOVED CITY, IT IS NECESSARY TO PARALYZE YOU!







BROTHERS, HERE ARE CHIPS OF THE MAGIC LODESTONE OF THE DRAGON TO THROW AN IN-VISIBLE BARRIER AROUND THE BUILDING!

SMASH FULLY RECOVERS ON THE ELEVATOR TOP AND GETS OUT OF THE BLDG. QUICKLY AND RUSHES TO HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE! HE'S LOOKING FOR SUSAN AS HE REMEMBERS LEAVING THE NOTE.

WHERE'S SUSY, BOB?



SHE LEFT TO MEET O'FLAHERTY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

WAS SUSAN PRESCOTT HERE?

SHE AND O'FLAHERTY WENT TO MEET YOU AT THE IMPERIAL STATE BLDG.,



SMASH JUST CATCHES THE MEN ON THEIR WAY TO MEET O'FLAHERTY! HE JOINS THEM AND RETURNS TO THE IMPERIAL STATE BLDG.!

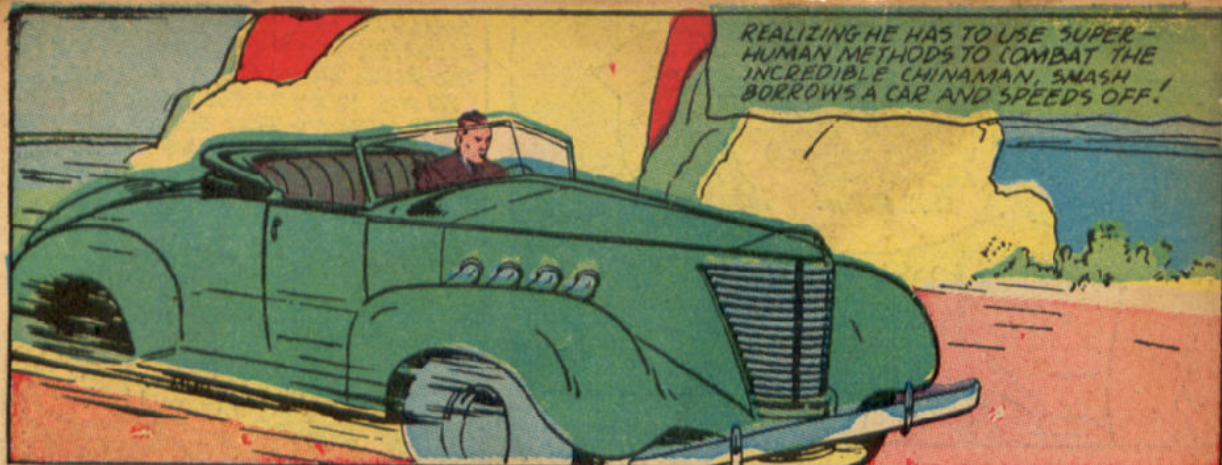
I HAVE A GOOD HUNCH THAT THE CHIEF AND MY LITTLE FRIEND, SUSAN ARE IN DESPERATE TROUBLE, I THINK WE WILL BREAK IN, GENTLEMEN!



THE MAGIC MANDARIN HAS THROWN AN IN-VISIBLE BARRIER AROUND THE BUILDING!





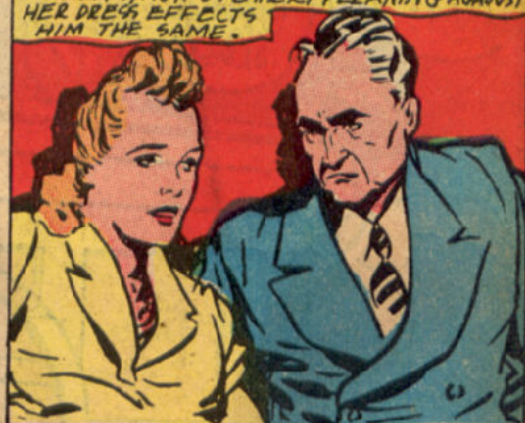


REALIZING HE HAS TO USE SUPER-HUMAN METHODS TO COMBAT THE INCREDIBLE CHINAMAN, SMASH BORROWS A CAR AND SPEEDS OFF!

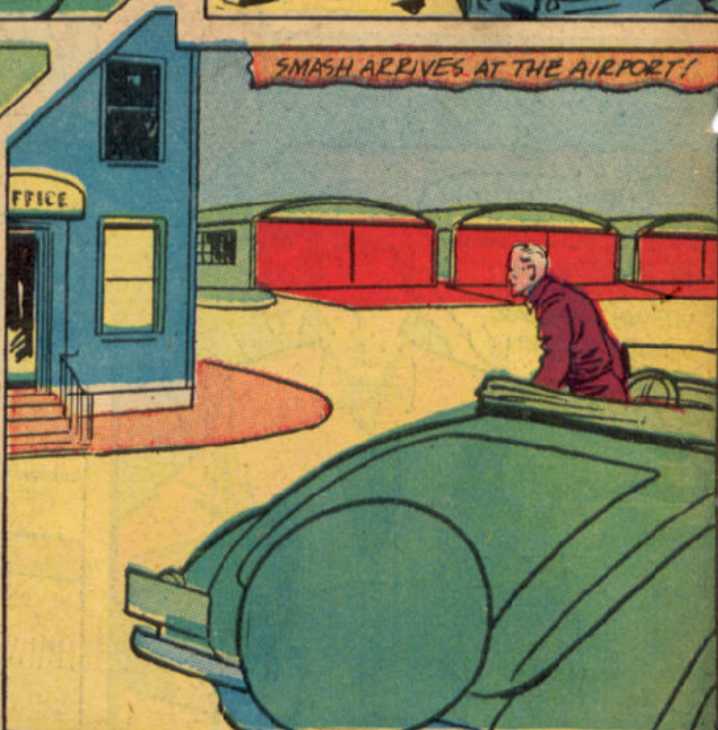


WE HAVE NUMBED THE SENSES OF OUR UNWORTHY AND BOTHERSOME GUESTS! NOW WE SHALL PREPARE TO **STRIKE!**

UNKNOWN TO THE MAGK MANDARIN-SUSAN IS WEARING A SILK DRESS-SUE IS PRETENDING SHE IS UNCONSCIOUS BUT IN REALITY, NOT O'FLAHERTY LEANING AGAINST HER DRESS EFFECTS HIM THE SAME.

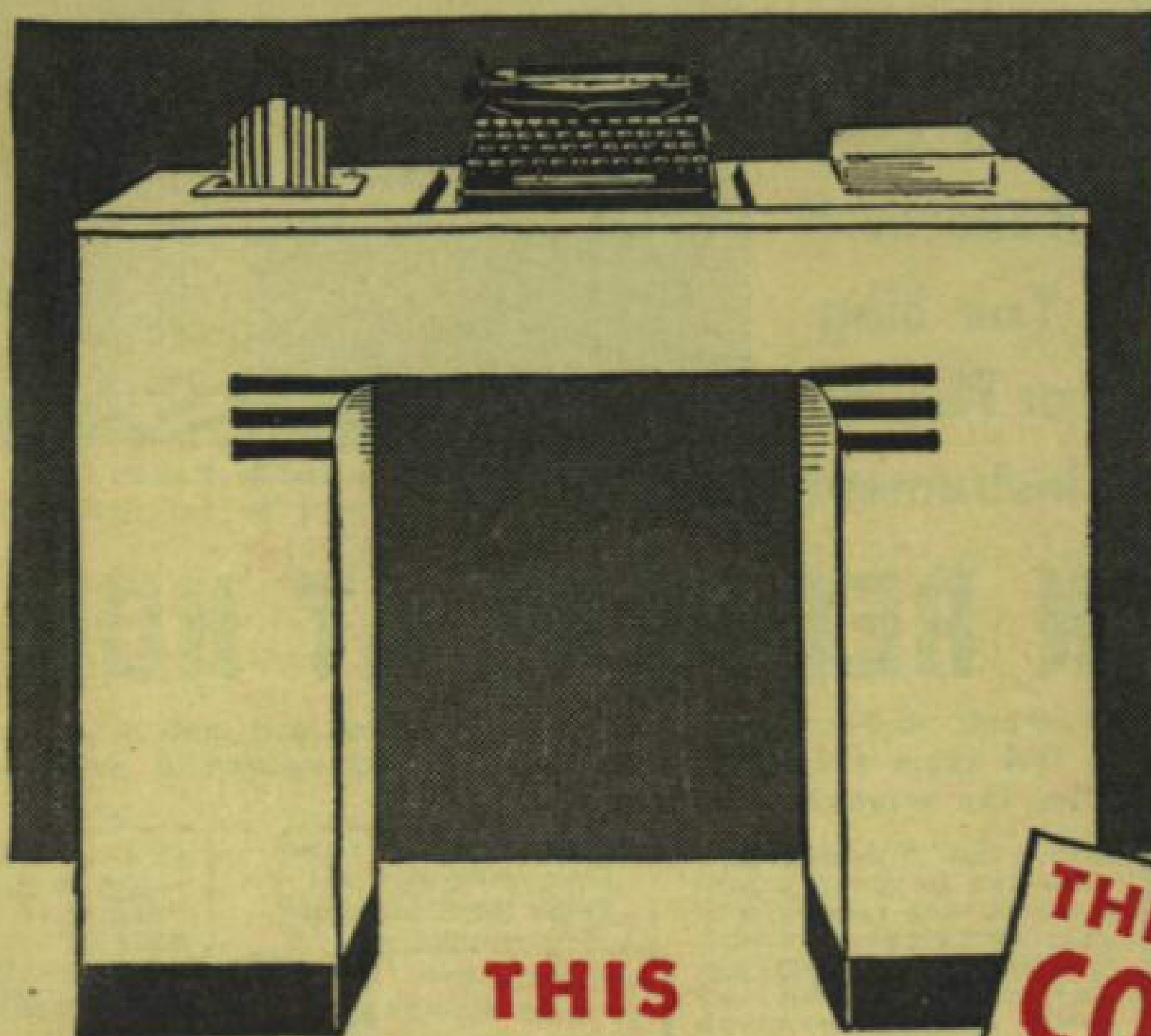


GENTLEMEN! THE WORLD SHALL BE OURS!



SMASH ARRIVES AT THE AIRPORT!





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A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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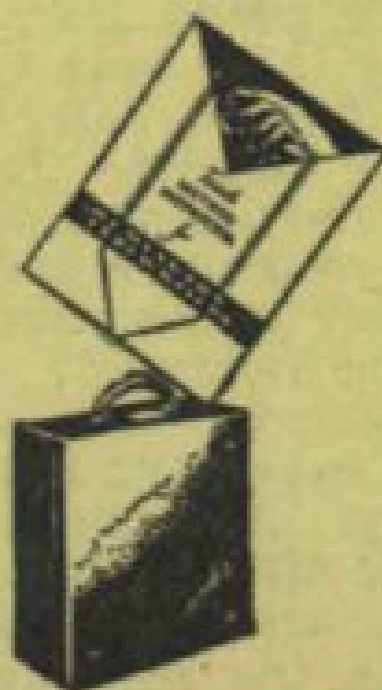
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